The Living Age

Vol. 302
From Beginning

Vol. 15
Eighth Series

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Published Every Saturday by
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston

$6.00 a Year

15c a Copy

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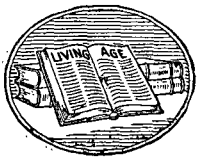

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THE LIVING AGE
Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844
NO. 3915

JULY 19, 1919

KOLCHAK: A CHARACTER SKETCH

BY JOSEPH REINACH

HERE at least is a man, a real man, a great soldier, a great Russian — *the* Admiral, in a word, as they used to say of Coligny.

First of all, his career is of his own making; he owes his fame and the hopes which an unhappy country has founded on him only to himself. His origins are modest ones. There are no *boyars*, no lovers of Catherine the Great in his lineage. He does not rise, like Lenine, from a line of provincial nobles. His father was one of those thoroughly Russian officers whose portraits Tolstoi has so tellingly painted in his *Souvenirs de Sebastopol*, men who rarely reach those higher grades once reserved for the generals of the Court party. The military nation of Russia, when it escaped from the contagion of neighboring bureaucracies, was always rich in such men, simple, magnificently brave on the battlefield, deeply imbued with the sentiment of duty, and, to use de Vigny's phrase, quite unconscious of their merit.

Kolchak, the elder, at the end of his period of active service was called to an important post in the manufactory of arms at Oboukoff. There the future Admiral passed his childhood and first youth. He lived much with the workingmen, and personally worked in the shops. At fifteen years of age, he entered the Naval School, and graduated among the highest in rank. He was forthwith commissioned ensign and sent to the Far East. In the heart of the Russian naval officer, as indeed in the heart of his more western brother, there is to be found a certain soberness of character and an unopposed sense of religion, characteristics springing from the career itself, and from long meditations in the solitudes of the seas.

Kolchak had a taste for both science and adventure. His hydrological studies in the North Pacific brought this to light. When the Petrograd Academy of Sciences, in 1900, organized the famous expedition for the exploration of the polar regions north of the mouth of the Lena, Kolchak was designated for the expedition by Admiral Makaroff. He quickly became the favorite collaborator of Baron Toll, chief of the daring enterprise. When Toll, after two years, decided to push on toward the pole with a little handful of companions, it was Kolchak whom he charged with the task of

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taking to Siberia the personnel and the collections of the expedition. Toll disappeared in the ice. Kolchak, sent in search of him, found and brought back only the journal of his commander.

Soldier and scholar, there you have Kolchak. The courage he showed during the Russo-Japanese war, the impulse which he communicated to the naval staff to organize the defense of the Baltic littoral; his campaign, from 1914 to 1915, in which he freed the Baltic from German vessels — all these carried him rapidly to the highest grade. The youngest Admiral in the Russian navy, he took, in 1916, the command of the Black Sea fleet, chased the Breslau, and set to work at a plan of attack on the Bosphorus. It was while he was at work preparing for this enterprise, that the Revolution, which carried away the old régime in a few hours, broke forth. Kolchak had too closely seen the vices of a gangrened administration, had suffered too much personally from the evil designs of the *camarilla* to be astonished at this sudden collapse. He rallied to the Provisional Government. Nevertheless, his adhesion was not accompanied by any of those theatric declarations of renunciation of the past which caused the President of the Duma, his friend Radzianko, to show his disgust at a certain historic session. Kolchak himself announced the Revolution to his fleet. He interpreted it in the spirit of patriot, in the spirit it might have personified had it not been for the fearful war weariness, German gold and propaganda, and the feebleness of the governing leaders. When he explained that day to the assembled sailors the necessity of discipline, he was acclaimed. Three months later, it was his fate to deal with changed men, men of the famous Pricaz No. 1.

We see Kolchak resisting the mutinous spirit with all his strength. For a last time, he talks to the crews aboard the flagship. His appeals to honor no longer wake echoes. Certain wilder ones attempt to disarm him. Then, a deed in the ancient tradition, he throws the sabre ornamented with the Cross of St. George into the sea, and without once looking back, leaves the vessel.

Strange and contradictory soul of the Slav! The same Sailors' Council which had thrust Kolchak from his ship was struck, by his last act, as with a kind of sacred terror. They sent diver after diver down to the bottom to seek the Admiral's sword. They then telegraphed to the Admiral begging him to take command of the fleet.

A man of Admiral Kolchak's temper is not one to play in harmony with Æolian harps. Kerensky, to get rid of him, sent him on a mission to Japan. Destiny has its share in the game. Kolchak was in Japan when he heard of Lenine's *coup d'état*. The rest is known, Kolchak in Siberia early in 1918 almost alone, but to-day upon the Ural and the Volga, chief of a large army and a veritable government. The tireless effort, undertaken for so many months in the mysterious depths of Siberia, required for the assembling of such a force is one of the most extraordinary episodes of a time which is like no other in the history of the world. A will of steel at the service of the purest patriotism is always something of a miracle.

Long before Kolchak, with the aid of the heroic Czecho-Slovak legions, had succeeded in his Siberian enterprise, and while between the Caucasus and the Don, Kaledine, Alexief, Kornilof, and Denikine, who had commanded some of the greatest armies in the world, were busy at the work of gathering together some thousands of officers and continuing war against the

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Germans through fidelity to the Entente and were beginning their struggle against the Bolsheviki through horror of their felony and their tyranny, I never ceased to demand the military intervention of the Entente, and since geography is inflexible in these matters, it seemed to me that that military intervention must be the labor of Japan.

Two dominant reasons then justified this armed intervention.

A strategic reason first; the necessity of creating a second eastern front, the first having been delivered to the Germans by the treachery of the Bolsheviki. (The great refusal of all history, this, and one far too often forgotten by friends of the Bolsheviki both here and in America.) That front is to-day reconstituted; it is Poland — Poland independent and free is so truly this new front that all the present efforts of Germany, or to speak more truly, Prussia, are now directed against this noble Lazarus, newly risen from his tomb of the centuries.

Secondly, a moral reason, a reason of honor, the imperious duty of coming to the aid of those intrepid survivors of the Russian army who, refusing to befoul themselves with the treason of Brest-Litovsk, had, at the price of unbelievable perils, gained a refuge in the Caucasus and were fighting and dying there, faithful through all to the Entente.

The hour was the destined hour of Japan. Why did the Empire of the Rising Sun let it drift by? The fault, however, was not alone that of Japan. In the Scripture we may read this definition of the feeble man, 'He who wishes and who does not wish.' The Powers of the Entente limited themselves to fancies; they could do no more than send 'little packages' of men, cannons, munitions, food, and money.

Kolchak to-day thinks himself able to save Russia. He has turned the formless waste of Siberia into a great entrenched camp; he has established connection with Denikine to the south; in the north and west, he is in communication with those 'little armies,' heterogeneous, perhaps, but resolute and ardent, from the Murman coast and Esthonia. Trotzky has fled from half-encircled Petrograd. The English fleet dominates the Baltic. Kolchak holds the Ural solidly and is advancing along the Volga. He will go to Moscow. We will see him in the Kremlin, but the way is a long one.

In effect, the Red army is not to be despised, nor is the Bolshevist government at the end of its tether. The Red army is provided with the various kinds of artillery and munitions which, in violation of the armistice, the Germans left it; and it is led by officers of the old régime who have had the choice between military service and hanging. The government has well guarded its power of issuing paper money, an instrument of tireless propaganda. The Entente having committed the fault of not declaring void the value of all Lenine's rubles, he, more than ever, takes upon himself the right of promising vast concessions of mines and forests to international syndicates who do not remain inactive in his cause.

The Admiral himself has only his loyalty, the sincerity of his words as shown by his acts, and his irreducible patriotism to counter the calumnies which pursue him. I read in one of his most recent manifestos to the soldiers of the Red army, 'Liberty is the sacred right of the people to deliberate in common and to decide its destinies. In a Soviet Russia, this right does not exist. There is neither liberty nor law to be found there.'

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The man himself is, without doubt, a democrat and a liberal; but is he a monarchist or a republican? He is something better than a professional republican; he has the republican virtues of one of Plutarch's personages. With him, his country is first, that dear, unhappy, and guilty Russia whom he is bound to save from the German and the accomplices of Germany. He is the standard-bearer of the heroic and glorious Russia of the two first years of the war, that Russia which we loved so much, which gave, before falling into the ditch of anarchy, so many unforgettable services to the sacred cause of the peoples.

But the Admiral is more than standard-bearer. The honor of being a standard-bearer and defender of the flag, even to the death, is given, in regiments, only to an officer, bravest among the brave and already famous for his energy and his courage. Nevertheless, there is no example of a standard-bearer being made a chief. A chief must have still other virtues. The Admiral is a chief.

The Figaro, June 6

THE PRESENT CZECHO-SLOVAK REPUBLIC

When a certain French General was given command in 1915 of the first of the Czecho-Slovak Legions, which were formed to fight on the side of the Allies, he is said to have asked, quite innocently, whether these troops were black or white. Nor are prominent Englishmen much wiser. At least, one member of the British War Cabinet was recently unaware of the difference between a Slovak and a Slovene, and a certain foolish weekly paper at one time demanded whether the war was to be continued indefinitely for the sake of the Czecho-Slovaks, of whom it admitted that it knew very little. It is of very great importance that Englishmen should now maintain a close contact with the new States which have arisen in Europe and keep themselves informed of the chief events taking place there.

One of the most serious problems in Czecho-Slovakia at present, as in many other European countries, is that of the currency. When an independent government was set up, a flood of Austrian paper money was circulating in the country. The government has steadily resisted a temptation, to which many others have succumbed, and has issued no new paper money of its own. It has indeed gone a step further, and made preparations for a capital levy to be applied to the deflation of the currency. The mechanism of this plan is as follows: Last March, all currency notes had to be handed in to the banks by their holders in order to be stamped. No unstamped notes, except those of very small denominations, which it was not practicable to stamp, were to be subsequently recognized as legal tender. Of the currency notes handed in, half were at once stamped and returned to their holders. A charge of 1 per cent of the value of the notes was made by the government for stamping. The remaining half were retained for the time being by the banks as compulsory deposits, on which interest at the rate of

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3½ per cent per annum was to be credited to the depositors. In the case of those whose total holding of currency notes did not exceed 2,400 crowns, this compulsory deposit was repaid to them, if desired, after a fortnight. Many merchants and members of the wealthier classes handed in more than 300,000 crowns worth of notes, as there had been much hoarding of money during the war and few opportunities of investment, except in Austrian war loans, which had been boycotted on patriotic grounds. The value of stamped Czecho-Slovak notes has already appreciated in terms of Austrian notes, the present ratio being about 100 to 125.

The capital levy will be wholly applied to the destruction of paper currency. It will be based on the total value of individual property of all kinds, including houses, furniture, clothes, etc. Valuations are to be completed by June 10. They are being compiled by the individuals concerned, subject, of course, to check by the Government with penalties for under-estimates. Properties worth less than 20,000 crowns will be exempt, and the rest will be taxed on a graduated scale rising to a maximum of 30 per cent. The compulsory deposits of currency notes in the banks, together with accrued interest, will be accepted in payment, partial or complete, of the levy. It will be very interesting to watch the working of this scheme and the effects produced upon the general level of prices and the rates of foreign exchange.

The reserve of metal currency in Czecho-Slovakia is at present very small. It is largely composed of voluntary gifts of gold and silver jewelry and ornaments from patriotic citizens. Before the war the rate of exchange with Austria was about 24 crowns to the pound. Last March, the rate with Czecho-Slovakia was 100 crowns. This has now come down to about 84 crowns. The present Minister of Finance, Rasin, is a man of great ability, and is engaged upon a scheme for the complete reorganization of the country's public finance, in which sharply graduated taxes on incomes and inherited wealth will be prominent features. Legislation to break up large estates is also pending. Many of these belong to German Bohemian nobles, absentee landlords before the war, who used to spend most of the year in Vienna, only visiting their estates during the hunting season. They will probably live permanently outside Czecho-Slovakia in the future. Peasant proprietorship is already widespread and firmly established. A law providing for a general eight-hour day, applying with some modifications to agriculture and even to domestic service, came into operation in January. This is one of the most ambitious pieces of legislation on hours of labor which any State has yet attempted.

The Government is opposed to any repudiation of the Austrian pre-war debt, and is willing to take over the liability for its fair share. But it objects to accepting responsibility for any part of the war debt, on the ground that the country was always opposed to the war, and that the Austrian Parliament, in which its representatives sat, was not consulted when war was declared. It objects also to contributing to any indemnity, which may be due from Austria-Hungary, for damage done in Italy, Serbia, and elsewhere, claiming rather that some indemnity is due to Czecho-Slovakia for the material losses of the country through Austro-Hungarian policy.

The present National Assembly at Prague contains representatives of political parties in the same proportions as were elected, on a basis of universal male franchise, to the Vienna Parlia-

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ment, together with a special delegation from Slovakia, which formed part of Hungary, where the franchise was very narrow and political intimidation prevented the election of more than two or three Slovaks. New elections will soon take place on a basis of universal male and female franchise and of proportional representation. Women already have votes, and are eligible for membership, on local authorities.

In the present Parliament, there are five main parties. (1) The Agrarians, who represent the peasant proprietors and the small towns, a somewhat conservative party, favoring agricultural protection and strongly nationalist. (2) The Clerical party, Catholics, whose strength is in the country districts, especially Moravia; a party of comparatively little influence. (3) The National party, the lineal descendants of the Independence party of 1848, called until recently the Bohemian State Rights Democratic party. This is the party of Masaryk, Kramar, and Rasin. It is a bourgeois party whose strength is chiefly in the towns. Its policy is moderate nationalism, but with a broader view than the Agrarians, and more radical domestic reforms. (4) The Social Democratic party, which is Marxist and International in spirit and inclined to sympathize with Bolshevist ideas of organization. On the staff of its paper, the *Prava Lidu*, is a Czech Bolshevik, who has recently returned from Russia. (5) The Czech Socialist party, revisionist and more sympathetic than the Social Democrats to national ideals. This party contains a number of middle-class 'intellectuals.' The Slovak delegation contains a Protestant Clerical section and some Socialists. Numerically, the Agrarians are the strongest and the Catholic Clericals the weakest single party. The present government is a coalition of the National party, the two Socialist parties, and the Agrarians, and also contains two Slovak representatives. The Socialists hold a number of the more important ministries.

The German representatives of Czech constituencies in the Vienna Parliament were urgently invited to attend the National Assembly at Prague, but refused, hoping that their constituencies would not be included in the Czecho-Slovak Republic. Now that this point has been decided against them, they are likely to come in. The German manufacturers are very much afraid of the spread of Bolshevism, and are beginning to think that there is less danger of this in Czecho-Slovakia than in Germany or German Austria. Now that independence has been secured, Germans are being treated with greater tolerance and it is generally recognized to be important that they should become contented citizens of the new State. To draw a good boundary line on principles of nationality in the disputed districts is a practical impossibility, owing to the great intermixture of Germans and Czechs. A further difficulty arises owing to the fact that the Czech population increases much more rapidly than the German, and is continually spreading into districts which hitherto have been predominantly German. This process has been graphically and impartially described by Signor Virginio Gayda in his *Modern Austria*, published before the war, and seems certain to continue in the future. Even in Vienna, the Czecho-Slovaks numbered more than 300,000 before the war. The new State will start with a population of some 12,000,000 or 13,000,000, and this is likely to increase steadily. Its area will be about equal to that of England and Wales.

There is no desire for a monarchy in Czecho-Slovakia. In the early stages

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of the war, Allied support for a Czecho-Slovak Republic was not obtainable, partly owing to the ignorance of Austrian questions and apathy toward the oppressed nationalities which then prevailed in many influential circles in England and France, and partly owing to the dislike of official Russia for the prospect of seeing a democratic and progressive Slav republic set up too near the frontier of the Tsardom.

Czecho-Slovakia has followed the example of the United States in electing an 'academic intellectual' to the highest office in the State. President Wilson is a popular hero in the country, his personal friendship with Masaryk being well known. The League of Nations idea is also strongly supported in the hope of securing the peaceful progress of the country and rendering conscription and speculative and hazardous alliances unnecessary. But the fulfillment of this hope pre-supposes the disarmament of Germany, German Austria, and Hungary, together with a practical system of international agreements and sanctions.

The New Statesman

GERMANY AND THE DANGER OF BOLSHEVISM

BY HANS VORST

Capitalism is an evil, you say? Nevertheless, it is an evil that has permitted us to attain a high degree of material prosperity in Europe and in the other lands where it has attained the most complete development. It has assured the proletariat a certain degree of education and of culture and a modest share in the world's goods. But one man has three hundred millions. Another man has nothing. Then there is the anarchy of competition—the thirst for new markets. Contrasted with this the ideal of communism is like the life eternal, something which mortals find it hard to attain. The only thing is, can communism be made to work? Before we receive eternal life we must die. The process of attaining communism is very much like committing suicide by the nation. It is a leap into the dark, into uncertainty, perhaps chaos. What is communism like? Who has seen it? Who can speak confidently about it? You may ask priests and wise men, and their answers seem merely scoffing at the questioner. Russia has started on that path. The result is too appalling for description, and we are kept ignorant of it only by the hermetical shutting off of that country, which makes it possible to impose the Bolshevist propaganda swindle upon Western Europe. Hungary has followed in Russia's steps. The more backward a country the more readily, apparently, it yields to communism.

The Hungarians have made a Bolshevist revolution for national reasons. They do honor to internationalism from national motives. That is not policy. It is burlesque. What is not taken into account is that the burlesque ends in a tragedy.

But the Hungarian burlesque is

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winning followers. A thrill is startling Germany. *Vorwärts* threatens the Entente with the possibility of our doing likewise. Even in other camps voices are being heard suggesting that we might purposely and with complete understanding of the facts adopt Bolshevism and ally ourselves with Russia and Hungary if the Entente is not more pliable. But is it possible for the leaders of the German trade union bureaucracy or the leaders of the German bourgeoisie to imagine that they, arm in arm with Trotzky and Radek, are going to precipitate their century into the dark ages? Yet it seems plausible to them. A German nationalist professor of political economy is advocating the plan and announces that he is in dead earnest in proposing Bolshevism. He bases his stand upon the traditional idealism of his party. The fatherland is the highest thing in the world, and to it the individual should sacrifice his property and life. 'If Bolshevism is the only means to preserve the German people from permanent slavery and misery we must select this means.' If Germany 'consciously brings about this doubtful, social, and political revolution' then the Bolshevist wave will sweep irresistibly over the other western countries. Even if that should not occur 'the advantage for Germany would be immense,' for the Entente cannot possibly extract billions of marks from a Bolshevist Germany. In other words, the professor says we are not doing a very good business. Let's go into bankruptcy. We thus show ourselves good German strategists; for if we are paupers the Entente cannot get anything out of us.

To be sure, according to our German-nationalist Professor Eltzbacher, if we adopt this measure we must adopt it with German honesty and thoroughness, and introduce the Soviet government and immediately socialize property without compensation 'to the utmost extent.'

'This would not endanger our economic existence for the latter cannot be more wholly ruined by Bolshevism than by having the Entente attach itself to us as a permanent vampire, as it now threatens to do.' Is not that the psychology of a wayward child from whom you have taken away some sweets and who stamps its feet and cries that it will punish us by not eating at all?

The only doubt that seems to dwell in Professor Eltzbacher's soul is lest our great accumulations of private capital might be dispersed. That, of course, would be a disaster. But in 1813 the Prussian people brought their gold and silver gladly to be used in the nation's service and fundamentally it is a matter of indifference whether a man loses his property slowly by having it squeezed out of him by the Entente or whether he loses it at a single stroke by confiscation.

You clasp your head in despair. How are we going to argue against Bolshevism? Whom are we going to try to convince, if a learned professor of political economy has so little comprehension of the truth? We are in the midst of the complete disintegration of our traditional conception of property morals. Who cares now about great fortunes? They can all go to the devil, for the people at large are benefited by the process. The only man who can oppose communism successfully to-day is a man who perceives that it is a catastrophe for the common people, and above all for the proletariat, irrespective of whether or not it is a national danger. The German national political economist does n't attach any importance to this. He writes: 'In a deeper sense the danger is not so

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great as we might think. If the principles of Bolshevism are consistently applied a new workable social organization is created. If they prove impracticable the people will spontaneously return to their old methods of social organization.' Professor Eltzbacher thus plays completely into the hands of the communist enthusiasts and demagogues. They are now able to shout: 'See! Even a Conservative scholar and political economist believes it possible that Bolshevism will regenerate the world. You proletarians can take the risk then surely. A Conservative says the danger is not great. If the thing does n't succeed, only the great estates are destroyed, and we simply go back to the old system.'

The communist enthusiasts and demagogues are not open to argument. When they are told of the disaster that has befallen Russia they simply refuse to believe it on the ground that the man who tries to instruct them is 'a bribed agent of capitalism.' And even if they do credit a man they shake their heads carelessly and say to themselves, 'We'll do it better than they did in Russia.' You may demonstrate to them that Russian communism is as ably led as it possibly could be, and that its failure is due to the system itself. You may demonstrate that the system is shown, by Russian experience, to lead necessarily and inevitably to the complete collapse of production and to privation and death for the proletariat. They will say, 'That was in Russia. It will be different with us.' You may prove to them that communism could survive as long as it has, only in an agrarian, industrially backward country like Russia, where capitalism was not highly developed, and that in our country the internal resistance would be much stronger, the collapse of industry more sudden, and the consequences more disastrous for the proletarian masses. Do arguments become stronger by repeating them? No, because the communist enthusiasts and demagogues simply do not listen.

How is it possible for a learned political economist to endorse such irresponsible fancies? The Russians never took the Brest-Litovsk treaty seriously. We likewise may regard a treaty forced upon us by brute power with defiance, because we know confidently that it will be short lived and that it will be impossible to crush us unless we help to crush ourselves. This Conservative professor advises us actually to crush ourselves, but does he actually believe in the new vigorous world of Bolshevism? Does he not really in the bottom of his heart anticipate that we eventually will return to the old system? Workingmen, note well the cloven hoof. 'If the Bolshevist plan proves impracticable then the people of their own accord' (he means worn out, crushed, spurred on by their own misery) 'will return to the old social forms.' That is the negro in the wood pile. Let Bolshevism come, for then inevitable reaction will follow. Thereupon the German Nationalists will reap their harvest.

The Berliner Tageblatt, May 9

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AT THE 'MOVIES' IN LONDON

When Mr. Clarkson, of the Education Office, was invited to the cinema widely advertised as 'Adventures Among the Cannibals,' he was glad. 'Cannibals,' he thought, 'will be a pleasing relief from the Peace Terms.' Besides, his friend, Mr. Macrae, was a member of the Anthropological Society.

They dined at a literary club amid the customary lamentations over inflated currency, deflated menu, and other regrettable incidents of war. At the cinema they found themselves mixed up in a friendly party consisting of Liz and Nellie, Charlie and Bob, and a torpid lady whom all addressed as 'Mother.'

The lights were turned down, and after little cries of 'That's enough, Bob,' and 'Oh, stow it, Charlie,' the film began to move. It showed Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, who gallantly took the film, and incidents of their voyage from San Francisco to Sydney, and onward to the Solomon Islands. The admirable photographs reproduced the gentle rolling of the ship.

'Catch me,' cried Liz, 'I'm going to be sick!'

'I was sick once at Southend,' said Mother.

'"That heaves but with the heaving deep,"' Mr. Clarkson quoted, and instantly apologized for his literary profanity to Mr. Macrae, who, however, had not perceived the purport of the remark. His mind was fixed upon the approaching islands, where primitive man still afforded full scope for anthropological investigations.

'A face that only a mother could love!' So the printed description upon the screen announced a hideous and apelike savage. 'Like to try, mother?' said Charlie.

'All mine happened white, thank Gord,' replied the torpid woman.

The screen proclaimed that this island had reached a certain measure of civilization, and at once showed a body of native police, drilled and armed. 'The Barracks Are Near,' said the screen. 'Sure evidence of progress,' sighed Mr. Clarkson.

But the sight of a white officer and a word about 'Missions' had such a depressing effect upon the anthropologist that he was preparing to leave when the picture of a 'Confessed Cannibal' gave him hope. The account of the islanders' subsidiary food — cocoanuts and dried whitebait — was also encouraging. And, indeed, really enchanting scenes of island life quickly followed — villages with naked children and pigs running about (all greeted with endearing exclamations by Nellie and Liz); an isolated clubhouse which no woman might approach. ('The female taboo is very marked throughout humanity,' observed Mr. Macrae, 'its origin is probably physical'), wild dances with spears and bows (which Liz and Nellie called jazzing), beautiful long canoes gliding over calm water ('camouflaged,' Bob and Charlie agreed, 'like transports'), tropical forests almost impenetrable, and the heads of men and women variously adorned

'I wish as I had that female's 'ead for a cedar mop!' Mother suddenly exclaimed, roused by domestic interest.

'Why does that bloke drag his ears down to his shoulders like bell-pulls, and run a white stick through his nose?' asked Nellie.

'That's to attract the girls, I suppose,' said Bob, 'same as my Charlie Chaplin moustache.'

'I reckon his wife drives that stick through his nose so as to run him about kind of tame like a bull,' Charlie suggested.

'Oh, go hon!' said Liz.

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'Pardon me,' Mr. Macrae interposed, 'it is now more generally assumed that these physical mutilations are neither sexual nor strictly decorative in design, but originate rather in magic employed to avert the evil influences of spirits with which primitive man imagines himself perpetually surrounded. I am even now engaged upon a theory to prove that the mutilation of the lobe of the ear by the insertion of rings, such as we still see hanging from the ears of women even in our educated classes, is due to the endeavor to exclude the temptations of evil spirits.'

'Look 'ere, gov'nor, don't you be sayin' nothing nasty against my girl,' cried Charlie, turning on the anthropologist, ''cos it'll be the worse for you!'

'Never you mind for him,' said Nellie, 'I like a pair of ear-rings myself, but I ain't got no temptations.'

'Then you can resist everything,' said Mr. Clarkson, solicitous to please.

'You ain't no temptation anyways, Mr. Longface,' cried Liz.

'Alas, it is true, too true,' Mr. Clarkson answered, pleasantly; '"they flee from me that sometime did me seek" — you remember Sir Thomas Wyatt's beautiful lines?'

Meanwhile the strange scenes were passing rapidly, each explained in a language that reminded Mr. Clarkson shudderingly of the *Daily Mirror* complicated by Americanisms.

'What do you suppose "giving us the once-over" signifies?' he asked.

'The American language is passing through a stage of degeneracy and disintegration which will gradually render it incomprehensible to the inhabitants of our country,' Mr. Macrae replied.

'Crimes! Lor' lumme! There's a nut!' cried Liz, as the screen showed a vast and naked savage, who was said to have devoured a Prussian officer and never been the same man since.

'The essential characteristic, or rather the main intention of cannibalism,' observed the anthropologist, 'is that the eater should *not* be the same man after he has partaken of another's flesh. The spiritual and even moral qualities of the departed are mystically absorbed by digestion into the personality of a new habitat in a manner somewhat approximating to reincarnation. See Frazer, *passim*.'

'*Passim* is the word,' said Mr. Clarkson; 'highly as I value the *Golden Bough*, I should find a Prussian officer equally digestible as the later volumes. But we must not omit hunger as an incitement to cannibalism, if it is true that in New Guinea the victim is led round alive, and each household selects a portion to be reserved for it, as one might chalk on the body of an ox, "Liver for Mrs. Jones."'

'Look here, gov'nor,' cried Bob, leaning over to Mr. Clarkson, 'if you're passin' remarks on Mrs. Jones, you'd best drop it!'

'Never you mind for me,' said Mother, humbly; 'I'm one for joints — always was.'

'I assure you, madam, I intended no personal reference or imputation,' said Mr. Clarkson; 'none whatever.'

'Oh, don't you worry about them old buffers!' cried Liz; 'they're goin' balmy. Look, Bob, here's somethink more in your style!'

The pictures showed a row of married women, lightly clad, some holding infants in their arms. 'My word!' cried Mrs. Jones, 'if there is n't a baby sucking!' Then came a scene of girls led past some kind of priest, who was to judge whether they were marriageable. 'Seems to me rude,' said Mrs. Jones, gathering her beaded shawl about her.

'Now don't you be talkin', mother,' said Liz; 'did n't you read what the

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screen said as there ain't no vulgarity about your bein' naked?'

'No more there ain't,' said Charlie, 'especially so long as you're black.'

'Well, all I say is as I was born white and mean to keep summut on me,' retorted Mrs. Jones, with some defiance.

'Not bad lookin', if you took their 'eads off,' observed Charlie, with a critical air.

'And what does Mr. Longface say?' asked Nellie, anxious to be friendly.

'I?' said Mr. Clarkson; 'well, I'm tempted to cry with the poet, "I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race."'

'Don't you be too cocksure,' said Liz. 'How if she would n't have you?'

'Mine not to reason why,' Mr. Clarkson modestly answered.

They passed the 'Artificial Islands,' which Bob declared would be just made for the Huns, now they have no land to call their own. 'Let 'em go and build up coral reefs,' he said, 'and once a year we'll burst shrapnel over 'em just to teach 'em what's what.'

And so they journeyed to the New Hebrides, and witnessed the preparations for the burial of a man alive because he was too old to be of use. And they saw the dancers stamping on the living grave for two days and two nights to make sure he would not rise again.

The anthropologist became pleasurably excited. 'There you have it again!' he cried to Mr. Clarkson. 'The principle runs all through Nature — the Priest of Nemi — the sacrifice of the old, the useless, the wornout, the impaired in vitality! Old men about to be killed used to pretend to laugh and look merry in hope of proving they were still young enough to live. That was the "Sardonic smile"!'

'Yes, I know,' Mr. Clarkson replied, 'but the old and young laugh the other side of their mouths now. It is the young who are slain and stamped underground. The heirs of all the ages are killed and their fathers remain to inherit a desolated world.'

'Come, cheer up, Mr. Longface,' cried Liz; 'here's Mr. and Mrs. Johnson been showin' you all these lovely pictures, and tellin' how they wangled the King of the Cannibal Islands theirselves and crawled out of the stewpot just in time!'

'And rare plucked ones they was!' cried Bob.

'You're right,' said Charlie, 'and her nothing only a female!'

'Now, come along, mother,' they all said, and out they went.

'I wish one could be quite sure that fifty years of Europe are better than a cycle of Cathay,' sighed Mr. Clarkson, as he went through Piccadilly Circus with his friend.

'Cathay is, I believe, a synonym for China,' answered the anthropologist hurrying to correct an inaccuracy, 'and the scenes tonight had no connection with that country.'

But in his rooms that night Mr. Clarkson was troubled with waking dreams of savage life which diffused a melancholy over all his following day.

The Nation

GOOD-BYE TO THE ARMY

BY O. C. W.

To-morrow I shall be demobilized. My papers are all in order, I have handed my work to another, and to-morrow morning I shall once more be a civilian, with nothing to show that I have been a soldier but a uniform which I may only wear on certain ceremonial occasions, a rank which I may retain or drop as I please, a medal or two which I shall never be able to wear, and a gratuity which will all too quickly disappear.

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Yet military service for more than four years is no mere pastime to be forgotten in a moment, no fleeting episode which in the course of months will become but a fugitive recollection. To have been a soldier in the Great War is to have lived history consciously, to have shared—however obscurely — in deeds and crises that will be remembered for centuries. It is a peak that, in the retrospect of one's days, must stand out boldly above the gentle plain of common occurrences till death shrouds all. The peak towers above me now as I step down into the valley, and I cannot leave it, ready as I am, without a last glance backward. I turn and see it rising, like the height of Anzac from the beach, with all its rugged contour now plain to view but soon to be blended into as smooth an outline as craggy Sari Bair assumed when seen from Imbros. I turn to it and say good-bye; good-bye to this stepping-stone of my dead self, good-bye to the army.

It is no matter for sentimentality, but it is one for reflection. Thousands of other men are now stepping down into their homely valleys from those kindred peaks which will make a mighty range forever in the restrospect of national history. We were all one upon the heights, and now we separate by our innumerable paths — this one to his glen that he will never leave, that one to the town he longs for, that other, still a youth, through unexplored passes to other heights or other vales beyond. We are all saying good-bye to the heights and to one another, unemotionally, led by routine to the last, and this last act of our unity, this farewell, is accompanied by different thoughts in everyone of us. No one in this matter can do more than speak for himself according to the circumstances of his return. Some are returning, slightly nearer middle age, to an already settled place; some have lost their occupation, or their taste for it, or their limbs, or their health; some, who left bachelors, are returning married, to an unknown domesticity; some, who went as schoolboys, are coming back to they know not what, with anxious eyes and determined faces. But all of us, whether we are returning to an old life, a changed life, or a new life, have one emotion in common — we are glad. We have all looked forward to this day for years and months; we have expressed our longing uncouthly, with brazen emphasis, and with mutual ingratitude. Never can the members of a community who have lived on terms of remarkable good comradeship have parted with one another in a more blatant spirit of satisfaction. In fact, we have forgotten one another altogether; we are glad to say good-bye to an irksome bond and to an abstraction, the army.

But — perhaps it is a remnant of military spirit working in me — I cannot turn my back on the army with an unceremonious shake of the shoulders. Many, especially those who are in a hurry to find a livelihood, will rush out of khaki like boys from school; others may strike ecstatic attitudes like the liberated prisoners in *Fidelio;* but one who, like myself, is *nel mezzo del cammin,* whose home and old employment are ready to reabsorb him as if nothing had happened, can hardly find it in him to display such indecent haste. Let us play the slow march and marshal our ideas for a trifle of ceremonial, for a respectful mental parade — even if our colors are red, which mine are not — before we make our final salute and dismiss forever.

With me it is no case of a lump in the throat and a tear in the eye when it comes to parting. There are craven beings whom force of habit so sentimentalizes that they would cry on

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leaving the most brutal tyrant, remembering how he could be almost kindly on a sunny Sunday afternoon, or how the church bells sounded from the dungeon; but such am not I. Like all the rest, I am unfeignedly glad to get out of the army, having groaned and cursed frequently while I was in it, having regretfully used the phrase 'before this —— war' *ad nauseam*, and having lulled myself to sleep with the refrain 'How well I know what I mean to do, when I only get out of the army!' So I neither assume a hypocritical air of regret nor press the army's abstract hand in a fervent wring. I was a formed civilian, and a civilian never becomes a soldier at heart, except in the few cases where he finds that soldiering was his true vocation. At the same time, I do not take my leave with ominous coldness or with contumely. It is my respect and admiration for the army which makes me loath to leave it in dull silence. The army has given us all a great deal to think about, and it is fitting for us to collect our thoughts now while they are fresh. I know why I and men in similar circumstances to my own are glad to end our military service. For one thing, of course, we joined the army because our country was at war, not because we were thrilled with great martial eagerness; now this war is to all intents and purposes over, and the prospect of soldiering in peace — even were it open to us — is not in the least alluring. But in our gladness there is something deeper than just relief at ceasing to be a soldier, with all the rather antiquated routine, the saluting, the deference to seniority, and the rather irritating loss of individuality involved in the military existence. We accepted all that easily enough, partly because our education prepared us for it, partly because we were wise enough to see the moral value in war of military formality. Besides, the shackles of military life are least irksome in time of war, and yet it was in the most vivid and catastrophic times of the war that those aching thoughts clanged in our brains, the stilling of which is the real reason of our thankfulness. The words of my own particular demon went to the tune of Hans Sachs's apostrophe: *Wahn, Wahn, überall Wahn.* Waste, waste, everywhere waste — waste of energy, of mental virtues, of bodily strength, of treasure, of effort, of every human gift, and of human time. One was convinced of the rightness of the end in view, and quite willing, since fate so willed it, that all the fiery particles in one's own dust should be wasted in so just a cause, but the fact of the waste rankled always Here was I, and here were thousands of others, morally compelled to do something with our lives which we had never intended to do, thwarted in our purposes, suspended in our activities, thrown out of gear for an indefinite period, at the end of which, if we were lucky, we should go back to where we were before, by so much older, by so much grayer, and not one whit advanced along our proper road. We were held in exasperation, like the wedding guest by the Ancient Mariner, stopped in our path to see the vast pageant of the war roll on and chunks of our life roll with it. I often wondered if the regular soldier realized this gulf between us and him. He experienced the same weariness of the flesh and fell into the same abysses of ineluctable boredom; but at least he was following on his road, and following faster than he had ever done before. All his early efforts, all his preparations, were bearing fruit; here was the great race for which he had been training, here the clash of arms in which, if ever, his ambitions were to be realized. The soldier by profession, were he not also a human

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being, could never wish to see the end of war in which his training is consummated and his theories confirmed; which teaches him in one small real engagement more than the most colossal peace manœuvres. For us, as individuals, every day of the war was a day lost — and now this draining of our days is over. We are going back to our own road to take up our own old jobs. We may not accomplish very much, but at least we know where we want to go, and shall get somewhere near it. We are back to handle our own tools and think our own thoughts. No wonder that we are glad.

Yet, if there is no regret mixed with the present gladness, I must admit that I have said good-bye to certain things which will always shine pleasantly in recollection. There were moments when the sense of gallant adventure rushed like a fresh wind through the mind, when one turned up eagerly in unexpected parts of the earth, or when one shared in genuine victory and conquest. We who return to the desk and the pen have said good-bye to adventure; we shall never again assail a peninsula or gallop at dawn over the green steppes of Southern Palestine. My glossy Michael, my sturdy Willy, your master will probably never own another pony! We must be content henceforth to ride our hobbies and, where once we gayly 'proceeded' for thousands of miles to work the will of the Empire, we shall only travel as tourists with much calculation and taking of tickets. No, we are returning, to stability and comparative solitude, a solitude for which we too often longed in that monochrome community of khaki. Yet in that community we experienced, as we shall hardly experience again, an intense consciousness of unity and effort. We ceased to be citizens and lived as disciplined tribesmen, with one man to command us and one end in view. Citizens again, we have innumerable rulers but no commander; a thousand conflicting ends but no common policy. And what of the soldier's peace of mind? Have we not known that incommunicable serenity of active service, which sweeps away like cobwebs all the petty problems of life? We were sedulously fed, doctored, carried hither and thither, and even entertained by our comrades, who existed only for our welfare as we for theirs. To these Utopian qualities of the soldier's life we have also said farewell, and I suspect that among the dilemmas of daily existence we may sometimes remember with a sigh that easy equanimity which came of doing one job one's self and having all the others done for one. To record these reflections is only due to the thraldom we tolerated because of the war which we hated. If the thraldom was irksome, it was not confinement in a dungeon. We of the contemplative life, whose pulses were made to stir when the imperious call dragged us from our quiet path, shall look back with not unkindly feelings upon the mitigating circumstances of those strenuous days which gave us of necessity a life we should never have chosen freely.

But if kindly feeling colors our lonely armchair reminiscences and we smile benignly when the glowing coals draw soldiers' faces, there is a more vivid emotion which will attend our references in company to our 'Sam-Browne and brass-button days.' We should be craven souls, indeed, if we denied ourselves pride, now and evermore, at having belonged to the British Army during the most momentous national struggle of all history. Not all the preoccupations of troublous days will quench the Crispin-Crispian spirit now to be revived in England.

To the discomfort, possibly, of

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younger generations, we shall boast while we have strength to dodder of the deeds that were done, not by us, but in our company. Throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain and her Empire, at all seasons of the year, men will metaphorically bare their arms and show their scars and say, 'These things were done at Mons, at Neuve Chapelle, at Sedd-ul-Bahr, at Kut el Amara, at Bir el Saba, at Nebi Samwil, at the Grave di Papadopoli, at Drocourt, at Belleglise. We have belonged to a generation of giants and we shall not forget it, even we, the stay-at-homes, the quiet plodders, the reluctant men-at-arms who never wish to see another war. In spite of ourselves we who loathe the dragon have been the children of the dragon's teeth, and it will not be with downcast eyes that we shall admit it. To have been a comrade of those wonderful men who won the war, revealing to us all the purest beauties of courage and devotion, has set a mark on us for the remainder of our days; and we, who account our own part but a trifle, shall not lightly forget the noble parts which those men played before our eyes.'

The New Statesman

A NOVELIST IN VON KLUCK'S ARMY *

WALTER BLOEM, a well-known German writer, author of three excellent novels on the Franco-Prussian war, and manager of the *Hoftheatre*, Stuttgart, was, in 1914, forty-six years of age. He was about to relinquish his managership and enjoy himself traveling with his family for a couple of years when war broke in on his happiness, and as a captain of the reserve, within a few days of freedom, he was called to the colors, and found himself in command of a company in the 1st Battalion of the 12th Brandenburg Grenadier Regiment (III Corps). His book is a most remarkable one. It is not a novel, though one is often reminded of the pages of *La Débâcle*, and *Le Désastre*, but a truthful, vivid, first-hand account, told with much literary skill and dramatic effect, of what an actual combatant in von Kluck's army saw and felt from the moment that the war cloud arises until he falls wounded before our Second Corps near Missy on the Aisne.

As a military work the book is of high value, as it tells us with evident truthfulness many details that we have long desired to know of von Kluck's great flank march down to the Marne and of his historic retirement, and much of interest as regards our own men. The marching was terrific; 40 kilometres (25 miles) was the rule, and some days it was 45 and 46 kilometres, without a single rest day. The company and battalion commanders eventually appealed to the colonel of the regiment and said their men could stand it no more. With military brevity he replied, 'Sweat saves blood' (*Schweiss spart Blut*), and as a climax issued an order, when it was urgent to reinforce on the Ourcq, 'The march is to be continued at the quickest pace without regard to sparing the troops.' During the whole of the operations until the regiment reached the Aisne in retreat, nearly six weeks, it was practically without line of communications. It received neither supplies nor reinforcements, and letters only twice. It lived on the country. Meat there was in plenty; some vegetables and fruit also were found; wine the sergeant major generally managed to secure, loading up the company transport when he struck a good cellar; but the men got no bread, except on one occasion when they

* *Vormarsch.* By von Walter Bloem. Leipzig: Grethlein. 6*m.*

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looted a baker's, and of the want of it they complained bitterly. By the time the Aisne was reached on the return journey, the company had fallen in numbers from 250 to 85 men, and when it was amalgamated with another the total was only 160. During the march through Belgium the regiment had no serious fighting. The troops committed the usual atrocities, worked up and incited thereto by papers handed to them in the train soon after leaving Berlin. These reported 'horrid tales of a *franc-tireur* war that put 1870 into the shade; of clergy who fought at the head of partisan bands; of treacherous attacks on men of patrols and posts, who were later found with eyes gouged out and tongues cut off; of poisoned wells; of attacks on our supply trains.' Further a tale was circulated (this has been met with in other German narratives) 'that the Belgian infantryman carried civilian clothes with him in his knapsack.' Therefore, when the company finds three hussars shot on the road, it must have been done by civilians and the village near is burned down. Of the civilians captured some were shot out of hand, 'the others, being merely suspects, were taken along with the column with their hands tied behind their backs, urged on by the butts of rifles (*unter Kolbenstössen*).' Yet Captain Bloem, otherwise a kind-hearted, courteous man, loved by his officers and men, wonders that France seems empty when he enters it, and protests to an old French woman that the Germans harm no one.

The first serious engagement is with the British; the regiment marches down to the Condé Canal, toward St. Ghislain, and, all unconscious, the author tells a story that must ever redound to the high military qualities and training of the old army and to the credit of the Royal West Kent Regiment in particular. The 12th Grenadiers are halted in Baudour, north of the canal: 'Hussar patrols trot by and report for 80 kilometres (50 miles) to the front all is clear of the enemy. Field kitchens are brought up, and we halt for a comfortable midday rest. The meal is hardly finished before blood-stained Hussars gallop in and report the enemy near at hand in the next village.' All is confusion for a while, then the captains are summoned to the battalion commander, who says, 'Maps out, gentlemen. The village Tertre in front of us is occupied by the enemy. Strength not yet known — the regiment is attacking, supported by three batteries,' etc. The Brandenburgers deploy and advance by rushes, fired at by an always invisible foe, and losing men every time they rise. The British fire gradually seems to die down, the company gets to within 150 yards, and the order passes: 'Now for a general rush of 30 yards, then fix bayonets and storm the houses.' Captain Bloem continues: 'The enemy seems to have waited for the moment of the general assault. He had artfully enticed us up to close range in order to deal with us more surely and thoroughly. A hellish fire broke loose, and in thick swathes the deadly leaden shower was pumped on our heads, breasts, knees. Wherever I looked, to right and to left, nothing but dead and blood-streaming, sobbing, writhing wounded.' The unfortunate remnant lie glued to the ground (more fire apparently from their own people is poured into them), until night comes, and they creep back half a mile knowing that they are beaten. Captain Bloem has lost all his five officers and half his men. He meets his battalion commander, who lays his hands on his shoulders and with shaking voice says: 'My dear Bloem, you are my sole and only support — you

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are the only company commander left in the battalion — the battalion is a mere wreck (*Trümmerhaufen*), my proud, beautiful battalion.' And so it was with the regiment — 'shot down, smashed up, a handful only left'; and the full consciousness of defeat soaks in: 'Heavy defeat. Why not admit it? Our first battle is a heavy, unheard of heavy defeat, and against the English, the English we laughed at (*verlachten*).'

The poor man's despair might have been even more overwhelming had he known that the 'enemy strength unknown' that knocked out 3,000 Brandenburg Grenadiers — it is almost bathos — was one company of the Royal West Kent Regiment, with the assistance of a few men of a cavalry squadron and of a cyclist company, not 300 all told. The odds of Agincourt once more: ten to one. Truly Kentish men have not degenerated in 500 years. A nice problem the fight will be for the German Professors to explain who cannot understand the English victory in 1415 except on the supposition that Henry V had superior numbers.

Next morning to the utter astonishment of the Germans they hear the explosions of the canal bridges being blown up. 'It is quite impossible. The English —— destroy the bridges. Sheer lunacy. It must be something else.' Eventually they advance with caution, for 'curse them, they seem to understand war, these English. We find convincing signs of this everywhere. Marvelous, how they have turned every house, every wall, into a fortress . . . and have finally slipped away, without waiting for our bayonets and butt ends.' Brave words the day after the battle; overnight the colonel had said: 'If the English have the slightest suspicion of our condition and make a counter-attack, they will completely do us in (*Rennen uns vollends über'n Haufen*).' The regiment, though in the advanced guard, quite lost touch of us: 'The enemy was off. The signs of a hasty retreat, but not of a disorganized flight, are to be seen everywhere. Disabled motor-cars, burned supplies, but not a single weapon or article of equipment.' Later on he still notices that there are no signs of disorder.

The Brandenburgers see no more of us until they come in on the flank of the Guards in the woods at Villers Cotterets. Great is their disappointment at not marching southwest toward Paris; they push on to their 'farthest south': Sancy, 15 miles north of Nogent on the Seine. Things don't go well in their fight with the French: there are ugly rumors of a lack of artillery ammunition. They are marched and counter-marched, and pass four times through the same defile where the horses of their machine-gun company had been shot down and lie festering. Real fear comes on the captain for the first time. Under heavy shell fire a horse is killed alongside him and he is deluged with its blood. This seems to shake his nerve; he thinks his last hour has come; and finally resigns himself to death, nay, would even welcome it. Suddenly the shelling ceases, and in the reaction he laughs at the idea of having prepared for a hero's death.

The retirement begins, a careful explanation of the backward movement is received from higher authority:

> In the course of the march some of the localities already passed through will be seen again. The men should be instructed that the further movements of the Corps are in no way to be regarded as a retreat; as soon as the enemy to the south has been overthrown, the First Army will, on the contrary, advance against the east front of Paris to guard against hostile enterprises from the capital.

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'Wonderful, wonderful,' says the author. But he guesses the truth, and the men do so later when the food begins to fail. They hurry toward the Ourcq, and go in action, terrified at the sight of the long lines of French batteries. They have arrived late and they are not in action long. There is no doubt that there is disaster somewhere, and the retreat to the north begins. Captain Bloem is happy only that there is little pursuit. In such times of peril, as he truly says, 'one does not think of death, or one's past life, or of wife, or child, or home, or fatherland, king, God, glory, or immortality. No such thing, one has quite other thoughts, quite ordinary ones. Will the field kitchen get up to-night; how much longer will the rascals go on shooting?' Official reasons for the peculiar movement are again circulated, this time by word of mouth, by General Staff Officers. 'It is not a retreat. That is altogether an error, it is solely a regrouping of forces for strategic reasons. . . . Moreover, 20,000 English and French and a gigantic mass of material have just been taken in Mauberge.' Discipline, however, begins to get shaky. Left at Soissons to guard a bridge, he notes stragglers passing all night. The author's own appearance, as he saw it in a mirror, when he stripped for his servant to pour water over him — 'of course there was no bath in the house of a wealthy Frenchman' — is a clue to what the First German Army was like when it reached the Aisne in September, 1914. 'Worn to a skeleton, covered with a crust of dust and sweat, the face deeply furrowed, the hair long and gone gray, the chin framed with a tangle of gray stubble — that was I.'

He now works up to the climax of his final fight near Missy. He sees the British advance; a brilliant attack in many lines of men at big intervals. 'Immense (*Grossartig*). All watch it. The whole plain was now covered with these funny little khaki men — always pushing nearer.' His company is sent forward to an eminence; it is the end. His men gradually get fewer and fewer, his excitement grows, he himself takes a rifle, and brings down his man, but in his turn he is struck down. Even now his troubles are not over. There is a miserable walk, half led, half carried by two of his men; a long journey in a country cart; there are no hospital trains (there were none for long after, he says), and then his train is nearly caught by the French at Chaulnes. But he escapes; and we leave him wondering if he will get one of the eleven iron crosses sent for distribution to the survivors of his regiment.

The Times

THE CHARLES KINGSLEY CENTENARY

BY FREDERIC HARRISON

A POET, a novelist, a scholar, essayist, agitator, reformer, preacher, teacher, priest, a man of genius whose writings are alive and effective after half a century has passed — above all, one of the keenest spirits of that restoration of labor that is taking vast development to-day — such a man must not be forgotten, though he died forty-four years ago.

As I was but twelve years his junior myself, was also at King's College in London, was at Oxford when some of his most stirring work was done, and as I was afterwards in close relations with almost all his London friends, I ask leave to say a few words about one who so deeply colored my own early life.

As I have already in my *Victoria Literature* (1895) treated of Kingsley as a man of letters, I will now regard

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him rather as social pioneer than as poet or romancer. If he did not reach quite the first rank in poetry or romance, his versatility, his fecundity, his imagination, had a sympathetic touch which struck home and left an indelible mark. No ballads of that age have such melody and charm. His children's stories will delight our descendants for generations. There are scenes in *Hypatia* and in *Westward Ho!* which are as vivid as the best of Scott's, which still to men and women in their old age recall the enchanted hours when they read them first in youth. Kingsley had real gifts as a poet, and real insight as a prophet. He would have done far greater creative work if he could have kept his social passion under control. He might have left more systematic influence as prophet if his irrepressible versatility had not stirred him to break out in almost every possible form of literary expression.

But my business now is to speak of him as social pioneer. Our modern Labor expansion dates from the year 1848, with the Continental revolutions and our Chartist agitation, followed by the great typical lockout of the Amalgamated Engineers in 1852, and then the great Builders' Strike of 1861. Out of these efforts of workmen in Trade Unionism and in Coöperation sprang the literary and spiritual movement of the cultured classes known as Christian Socialism, which has gradually developed into the intellectual and moral Socialism of the Fabian and similar societies. Of this early Christian Socialism, Frederick D. Maurice, from 1848 to 1872, was the founder and spiritual director; Carlyle was the social philosopher and prophet; but Charles Kingsley was the literary champion whose ringing battle cries led the van. What a time was this from 1848 to 1877, when the penal laws against Trades Unions were in full swing! In this period wages had been as low as 15*s.* in towns, even 10*s.* in the country. Trades Unions were illegal conspiracies. Hours of labor were never less than ten, and often ran into twelve or fourteen. Housing, food, clothing, sanitation, were deplorably bad. I speak of what I know, for during part of this time I was at college or at Lincoln's Inn, and for the last fifteen years I was in the thick of the labor fight.

So I can bear witness that from 1850 to 1875 Kingsley's songs, tracts, novels, sermons, were a real inspiration to the younger men of academic training who were entering on professional life in the churches, in law, in politics, and in business. Tom Hughes, my colleague in the Commission of 1867–69, was saturated with Kingsley's works, and has written a fine preface to the *Alton Locke* of 1877. Of all the men round Maurice, who founded the Workingmen's College in 1854, Kingsley's was the clarion voice which reached the furthest and stirred men most. His call to action was far the boldest, the most passionate, the most many-sided, and also, after Maurice himself, the one most inspired by the Gospel. Kingsley was then the only Socialist who was a working parish priest. One or two of Kingsley's friends were in orders, as were Powles and Kegan Paul. But Hughes, Ludlow, Ruskin, the Lushingtons, Hutton, Morris, and Furnivall, were all laymen — and some of us very much laymen indeed.

The first of Kingsley's social novels was *Yeast*, a fierce, thrilling denunciation of the current social wrongs. It was well named, for it was a kind of ferment thrown into the ideas regarded as orthodox: and Kingsley's genius itself was a kind of ferment made to stir the dull mass of ordinary society. It is ful of extravagance and inconsisten-

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cies, but its furious eloquence reached a wider public perhaps than Carlyle's cryptic epigrams. The pamphlets, too, of *Parson Lot* were full of courage, sympathy, and indignation, and told on the people like the pamphlets in the French Revolution of 1789. Then *Alton Locke* was an even more complete and more artistic study of the same message, manifestly inspired by Carlyle. I can recall the stirring effect of *Alton Locke* which I read in the first issue as an undergraduate at Oxford, a long, romantic, and revolutionary embodiment of much that we found in a more spiritual form in the sermons of Frederick D. Maurice. Kingsley himself in that book evidently calls Carlyle his master, and Carlyle's *French Revolution*, 'the epic of modern days.' Kingsley's three chiefs were, in poetry, Tennyson; in economics, Carlyle; in religion, Maurice. But his ballads have a trumpet note that Tennyson did not sound: his reforms are far more practical than Carlyle's: and he was more of a parish parson than Maurice. He kept pouring out such pamphlets as *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, *Parson Lot*, diatribes on plutocrats, appeals in the *Christian Socialist*, the *Coöperator*, tracts, songs, and sermons. Read the two big volumes of his *Letters and Memories*, by his wife, 1877, and see what an untiring, stormy, passionate, generous, devout life was that of one who might have been a great writer if he had not been a militant reformer, who might have been a great social power if he had a less impulsive and poetic temperament that reveled in every manifestation of nature or of man.

Though Charles Kingsley would repudiate the profane and sanguinary fanatics of 1789, I think of him as the Camille Desmoulins of our own labor revolution — the same audacity, fire, great heart, and that genius for hitting on the decisive word of the hour. *Parson Lot* in 1848 did what Camille did in the Palais Royal, on July 12, 1789. He gave the watchword 'To Arms' in British constitutional style, which ultimately led to the fall of our plutocratic Bastille — if our Bastille be yet really down. But British ways are widely different from Continental ways, and the nineteenth century was very far from the eighteenth. And if mid-Victorian Conservatism denounced Kingsley as a dangerous revolutionist, we now know him as a sincere and pious churchman, a hearty friend and comrade, a delightful humorist and songster — a truly affectionate son, husband, and brother — of whom not a word ever fell from his voice, nor his public or private writing, but what will long remain to do honor to his memory.

The Observer

BIRD SONGS BEFORE DAWN

BY MARCUS WOODWARD

Before half past three o'clock, while the night was dark, with stars shining, though growing pale before a green glimmer of dawn, the first of the larks to awake sprang aloft, as if to look for and call up the sun. So he justified the reputation of the larks as early risers, but the cuckoos had been calling since long before, one answering another, like an echo, and the short night had been throbbing with nightingale music.

All round the South Down hamlet where, this morning, I was the first of mankind to stir abroad, the nightingales were singing through the hour before dawn. They ringed the hamlet round as it were with a crystal wall of melody. I had heard the cuckoos, too, at intervals, through a vigilant night, from meadow and copse, on all sides. The sleepless peewits wailed now and then, perhaps when a fox

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crossed their nesting field. A moorhen was croaking from a pond some time before I noted the moment of the first lark's awakening.

This earliest lark sounded a reveille call to all other sleeping larks and meadow pipits. He sang out his full song, alone and in the dark, then sank to earth, and instantly another and many others rose, and the lark music fell in truth in showers from the starry sky, an invisible 'rain of melody.' It was too dark to see any of the singers.

An owl went hooting home after his night's hunting, with a parting cry to all companion fly-by-nights. At once a barnyard cock retorted with a good-morning crow, bringing the line to mind, 'The owl has wakened the crowing cock.' The first crow was a signal, like the first lark's song, and at once it was taken up and answered from all directions till the welkin rang. Cock-crow at its height was a rather ludicrous performance to be added to the rising chorus of lark, nightingale, and cuckoo. Every rooster in the country-side must have stretched his neck and crowed his lustiest, for the sudden challenge made up a mighty volume of sound. It was as if the cocks really thought the sun was rising to hear them and meant him to be made welcome. Happily their ardor soon spent itself.

Five minutes after this ceremony of cockcrow—the stars had not yet paled before the flushing dawn, and the Great Bear was still faintly visible—the song-thrushes opened their matins, and the blackbirds were not behind, with their rich, lazy trolling. And then all other sons of the morning seemed to wake up as one and take up the chorus, the notes of all singing birds mingling to make a sublime hymn of praise. No one singer could be followed in that flood of song. It arose in an instant to full height, as a chime of bells might suddenly clash out on a signal. It filled earth and air. And still the nightingales sang on. In strength, brilliance, and purity, they outsang the rest, their long-drawn notes and the throbbing ones standing out against the background of the others' songs, the contralto of the blackbirds, the treble of the larks, the soprano of the thrushes. The nightingale seems never to rest these high spring days. And well may the glory of his own voice keep him awake.

Before four o'clock the stars were being routed by the spreading light, until only a lamp or two was left alight in the heavens. In the dim and mystical twilight of the dawn shadowy bird forms could now be seen moving on the wing. Crossing a field, I had the pleasure of calling a pair of partridges, stirring them from the warm, worn spot where, side by side, the faithful lovers had spent the night. So they have been together since February, in a courtship that lasts perhaps six months. From the pond I flushed the moorhen who had been croaking to greet the dawn as best she could. She soon came back to her nest, and soon after added another egg to her red-speckled collection.

Moving about, one came near to the different singers making up the grand chorus. Now the robin's song could be picked out from the kaleidoscope of notes. Then one came close to a green-finch, trilling like a canary. Near by was heard a blue-tit's hurried tinkle, a hedge-sparrow's quietly-warbled contribution to the general hymn, a lilting song from a whitethroat, roundelay of blackcap, or anthem of willow-wren. The great-tit, the acknowledged bell-man of the woods, sounded his alarm-bell of sunrise. A woodpecker came with looping flight from a wood, with a sound of laughter in his call to the sun. A fox barked in a distant covert, whereat a pheasant crowed vaingloriously, as if well aware that the hymn of the

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feathered choir meant the end of the fox's hunting.

In the half-hour after four o'clock the face of the fields began to grow visible, silvery white with dew. Not one daisy was yet awakened by all the music. In the enchanted world of the woods the different tones of the trees slowly became discernible in the gray-green light, the olive of the young oaks, vivid emerald of larch, or fresh greenery of young beech-leaves. A drift of campions looked like a rosy mist, and not like flowers, since no stalks were visible to connect them with earth. A squirrel appeared in a larch, looking eagerly forth to find the day, and baby rabbits, of a hand's length, began scampering through the dew. The pipistrelle bat still hawked for night-moths. Rooks sailed forth from their nest-trees, and the clamoring of their nestlings began to be added to the general babel. The prettiest individual performance I saw in the half-light was a wood-warbler, singing on the wing as he flew across a woodland glade from one beech to another, and back again. Just before he launched himself on this song-flight he would utter a sweet opening passage, then, as he fluttered off on his short voyage on trembling wings, the notes became trilling, and of shivering sort, quickening and growing loud, as the slender form made ready to alight, and came, still singing, to safe anchorage. He is a rare bird, little known, and contributes a very distinctive part to the general rejoicings.

There had been no cessation to the songs ushered in by the first lark, but now, as the glow of sunrise spread from north to south, and the solemnity of the twilight faded, the pæans of song began to lessen. There had been a few moments when the singers had seemed to unite to produce a climax of music. There came, soon after, a quiet moment so hushed that a nightingale was able to make himself heard again as a soloist. The ritual of the morning *Te Deum* ended with the witching dusk before full dawn. One wonders how it came about that every spring day must be ushered in by this triumphant burst of song, that when the first lark sings it shall be like the sound of a trumpet to all other singing birds, to sing together and make the welkin ring, while it is still dark or else by moonlight.

There is never a silent moment, of course, through a day of spring. It is music all the way along the paths to summer. But the birds' songs of sunny hours after four o'clock are their everyday songs that we know, sung as they go about their affairs, and take their meals to cheer their mates through the tedium of sitting on eggs, or to lure coy mates to their sides — who knows why birds sing? Their singing by starlight before the sun rises is different, alike in quality and motive. There is no such rapturous singing through the day, though something of its quality is recaptured at the birds' evensong. It must be a grace before meals, I think, since it is too dark to find the early worms when the song-festival rises and swells to full power in the twilight of spring dawns.

The Morning Post

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THE NEW EDITOR OF THE LONDON 'TIMES'

BY HAMILTON FYFE

[EDITORIAL NOTE: In February this year, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, who has been Editor of the *Times* since 1912, resigned the position and Mr. Henry Wickham Steed was appointed in his stead.]

THE editors of the *Times* have not hitherto been brilliant. Delane was a man of sound judgment, of wide knowledge, shrewd in his estimation of other men. Chenery was a scholar of great learning. Buckle added to his gift of being able in a very short time to tear the heart out of any problem set before him, an acquaintance with all the prominent people of the day, which was of service to the columns of the paper. Geoffrey Dawson took a wider view of world affairs than his predecessors for the reason that he had seen more of the world than they. But none of these editors could have been called brilliant.

Now the *Times* comes under the direction of a journalist who cannot be spoken of without this epithet. He has been a brilliant foreign correspondent. He is a brilliant writer. Hitherto it has been a tradition of the *Times* that the editor should not write himself. His task has been to inspire and guide the pens of his leader-writers. This tradition will now, we must hope, be broken. If Mr. Wickham Steed ceased to write the loss would be great indeed.

For not only is he apt to put what he knows into illuminating form — it is the extent of what he knows that makes his contributions to journalism and to literature so valuable and, indeed, unique. He has an astonishing acquaintance with statesmen everywhere. If you had managed to conceal yourself in his room at the *Times* office while he was foreign editor, you might have watched a procession of men who were making history, and you might have heard Wickham Steed talk to them each in his own tongue. His command of languages is — again I must use the word, no other epithet suffices — brilliant. He writes in French just as easily as he expresses himself in English. I have heard him make a speech in Italian so happily phrased and so fervid in sentiment that he set an Italian audience shouting in his praise. German he speaks with complete ease, and he can introduce those slight differences which distinguish the German spoken in Vienna from the speech of Germany proper.

Hidden behind your screen in his room you would have listened to conversations upon many aspects of foreign policy, upon many events which had already set the world talking, or which were in the future to figure as 'best news.' About all the subjects which came up you would have remarked Mr. Steed's authoritative pronouncements, and you would further have noticed that his visitors accepted his authority. It has never, I think, happened before that an Englishman's acquaintance with Continental questions has been admitted by Continental statesmen and publicists to be so ample and so accurate as to make his

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opinions almost final. Upon many matters this admission has been made, this high tribute offered to the judgment of Mr. Steed.

That he has spent all his journalistic life in the service of the *Times* has certainly been of service to him. He has always had a serious public to address, and he has known that many readers of his dispatches would be able to criticize them with the first-hand knowledge. He took up a great tradition when he became a foreign correspondent, and he has always worthily upheld it. He found that special sources of information were open to correspondents of the *Times*. That conferred a certain distinction upon him. In return, he very soon began to add distinction to the paper by the value of his information and the soundness of his views.

His first regular appointment was that of assistant in Berlin. He was given this in 1896. Then he was a young man of twenty-five. The son of a country solicitor in Suffolk, he had decided for himself that he would prefer foreign universities to Oxford or Cambridge. He was eager for knowledge rather than 'a good time.' He felt sure that he could fit himself for such a life as that of which he dreamed, far better in France or in Germany than at home. So, after a spell of private secretaryship to a Suffolk M.P., Sir Cuthbert Quilter, he went to Jena University, and flung himself with the energy that marks all he does, and all he has ever done, into philological studies.

From Jena he migrated after a time to Berlin, where he continued to attend classes at the university, and then he determined to finish up in Paris, at the Sorbonne. By this time he had gained what he set out to acquire — familiarity with languages, an effective mental gymnastic, a knowledge of Continental politics. He was ready to begin his career. Chance threw in his way the opportunity to do a useful and important piece of work for the *Times*. He did it so capably that he was offered an engagement. This was just such an opening as he sought. He went to Berlin, and in one year so amply proved his ability and devotion to the paper that when the position of correspondent in Rome fell vacant he was chosen to fill it.

In Rome he remained for five years. In spite of his youth he very quickly gained a position of authority. How did he manage this? Quite simply. He studied every question of the day with the closest attention. He went into its historical connection with other questions. He talked to everyone within reach who had any first-hand knowledge bearing upon it. Not so simple after all, you say. For some men, no. But Wickham Steed was not a man who cared for sport or games in the open air. He had simple tastes and, on the whole, preferred working to playing. He had not, and never has, found time to get married. Therefore, it came easily to him to follow the precept: 'With all thy getting get understanding.' And so he soon got authority as well.

When last year he undertook, for Lord Northcliffe's Department, the management of British propaganda against Austria, and went on a mission to Rome to persuade the Italian Government that it would be politic for the Allies to support the subject races of Austria in their efforts toward independence, he was treated in Rome as if he were an Ambassador. That, by the way, is a rôle which he would fill to admiration. He has the right appearance. Tall and strikingly handsome, with wavy gray hair and a small pointed beard, he looks distinguished in any company. His

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charm of manner wins even those who most entirely dissent from his views. He does not hesitate to speak out his opinions openly. No matter how high the position of those who dispute with him, he deals faithfully with them. Respect of persons is not a part of his creed.

Thus, when the Austrian Ambassador begged just before the war that he would use his pen to persuade the British people that Austria had a right to chastise Serbia, and so keep them friendly to his country, Mr. Steed said bluntly, 'I am too good a friend to Austria to help her to commit suicide.' The Ambassador seemed shocked at this, and scarcely able to understand what Mr. Steed meant. Whereupon the foreign editor of the *Times* (in which post Mr. Steed had succeeded Sir Valentine Chirol a few months before) sketched what in his judgment was certain to follow the attempt at 'chastisement.' He sketched what happened a fortnight later exactly as he had foretold it. He was wiser than the Ambassador, wiser than the Austrian Government, wiser than our own government, which did not catch the light until ten days afterwards.

Not many men add to such ability as this a talent for society so marked as Mr. Steed's. He is admirably equipped for that part of the duty of an editor of the *Times* which seemed so important to Lord Beaconsfield. 'Who,' he asked when Mr. Delane resigned, 'who will undertake the social side of the business? Who will go about in the world?' That 'side of the business' is not so prominent now as it was then. But so much of it as remains Mr. Steed will perform as well as any man living. He is one of the most — once more the same word forces itself upon me — the most brilliant talkers in London. His range of subject is very wide. His conversational grace and vivacity make even the Jugo-Slav question entertaining. He has a delightful gift of humor, an irresistible smile, and so genuine an appreciation of fun that he can join in a laugh against himself.

In conducting the propaganda against Austria he was upon ground that he knew very well. When he left Rome in 1902 he went to Vienna to become *Times* correspondent there. In Vienna he spent eleven years, and if there is anything which he does not know about the late Austro-Hungarian Empire no one has yet suggested what it could be. He wrote just before the war the most complete account of 'The Hapsburg Monarchy' that has ever appeared. This is now in its fourth edition and will remain the standard work upon the Empire which has now passed away.

In this book Mr. Steed suggested, and in some passages foretold, what was to happen very soon. By temperament he is a sympathizer with any people struggling to free itself from alien rule; thus he had long felt kindly toward the Bohemians and Southern Slavs, who were chafed by Austrian dominion, mild though her administration might be. From the earliest days of the war he stood forward as an advocate of weakening Austria by encouraging those small but vigorous peoples. This policy was obstructed by many British statesmen and by influences in the Foreign Office. But at last Mr. Steed found himself at the Propaganda Department in the position of being able to carry it through.

He drew up admirable State papers outlining the course which he proposed to follow, and, having secured the consent of the War Cabinet (who would agree to almost anything which was expressed simply, in a manner they could understand), he went ahead with the vigor which he puts into every task that he undertakes. The means

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which he employed for hastening the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire accounted in large measure for the rapidity of its collapse.

In Paris Mr. Steed is pointed out as one of the most distinguished figures at the Peace Conference. He is consulted by the most eminent of British and foreign statesmen. In every capital he is recognized as one of the most notable Englishmen of our time. It is good, not only for the *Times*, but for England, that such a man should be at the head of those who conduct our greatest newspaper. He will enlarge the traditions of the post; he will bring it more into accord with the conditions of the new age which is opening and in the shaping of which he has now so prominent a part to play.

The Landmark

VOLTAIRE'S LETTERS*

BY EDMUND GOSSE

In a succession of useful books Mrs. Tallentyre has made the intellectual life of France in the middle of the eighteenth century her province. She has given particular attention to Voltaire and his circle, and now she translates a selection from his letters. The correspondence of Voltaire is a very serious matter; it fills eighteen thick volumes in the familiar edition of his works, and eighty years ago 8,000 of his letters were known to be in existence. Many hundreds have turned up since then, and nobody can pretend to have read them all.

Mrs. Tallentyre, who has probably read more of them than anyone else, becomes our cicerone in the corridors of this bewildering palace, and translates eighty-four letters for our satisfaction. This is quite enough for the general reader, who, however, may as well be warned that this is only about one per cent of what Mrs. Tallentyre might have done if she had been desperately disposed. Voltaire is one of the big things of the world; he is like the Vatican or the Kremlin; however assiduously we visit him, we can never really explore his recesses. We must be grateful to a guide who will take us over a few of the show-rooms.

Voltaire is one of the great letter-writers of the world, and easily first among those of France in the eighteenth century. In his spontaneous and vehement letters we see the complete ascendancy of a new spirit. By the time we reach them the seventeenth century is finally over and done with. The last traces of the 'precious' style have evaporated, and not the least grain of the Rambouillet musk perfumes the envelope.

The sovereign quality of Voltaire's letters is the dry light of their intellectual sincerity; even when the writer is up to his elbows in intrigue, and his eyes are twinkling with duplicity like will-o'-the-wisps, he is absolutely natural. We must not look here for imagination as we find it in the letters of

**Voltaire in His Letters.* Being a Selection from His Correspondence. Translated by S. G. Tallentyre. Murray. 12*s*.

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Mme. de Sevigné. But the agitation of Voltaire's spirit is reflected throughout and every sentence gives an instantaneous snapshot of his mood. If Voltaire is merry, the letter laughs; if he is angry, it storms; if he is sly it wheedles. The volumes of his correspondence, not boiled down by his translator, are tremendous in their bulk, but they offer a commentary on Voltaire's rich and variegated life which we could not afford to see curtailed. The courage of the man in those days of espionage was wonderful. In 1759 Voltaire remarked (in an epistle which Mrs. Tallentyre does not give) that the art of letter-writing, which in his youth had been the painting of the heart, the consolation of absence, and the language of truth, had been destroyed by the censorship, which unsealed private correspondence. He added: 'One dares no longer to think by post.' But we wonder how much more audacious he could have managed to be had no censorship existed.

The character of Voltaire is not appreciated by those who neglect his correspondence. He is less sarcastic in his private letters than in his public pamphlets, more delicate and easy, less venomous and less virulent in his criticism of social abuses. We get to know a Voltaire who is almost lovable, or at least (not to exaggerate) extremely likable. He is found to be very gay, as befits the writer of so many tragedies. This bright side of him was not appreciated when the trend of European politics put Voltaire's polemical writings out of fashion. In England the excessive sarcasm of his style early raised against him the prejudice of which Cowper was a leading exponent. That 'maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet,' as Byron calls him, attacked Voltaire as 'the bane of thousands born' in 1782; by an irony of circumstances there are sides upon which no two letter-writers are now seen to approach one another more closely than Voltaire and Cowper. To each at his best is appropriate the delightful phrase of Anatole France: 'The pen runs and laughs under his fingers.'

To blame a good book for what it does not contain is a stupid mode of reviewing it. I will not fall into that error, for Mrs. Tallentyre knows her Voltaire as well as I know him, and better too. But I will venture — by way of conversation, not of blame — to point out that she cites not a single example of Voltaire's correspondence with his two most intimate private friends, the Rouen magistrates, Cideville and Formont. Formont, though excellent, was a little dry, perhaps, a little *trop philosophe*, but Le Cornier de Cideville, who had been Voltaire's schoolfellow at the Collège Louis le Grand, was a charming comrade, simple and loyal, enthusiastic and responsive. Till half through their lives, Cideville was the recipient of more letters from Voltaire then anyone else, more than even the unworthy Thieriot. To my private taste, Voltaire shows himself nowhere more attractive than in his eager, unaffected letters to Cideville, who was only estranged from his old friend, on a religious question, toward the end of their long lives. I wish Mrs. Tallentyre had translated the extraordinarily important letter of June, 1731, to the authors of the *Nouvelliste du Parnasse*, showing Voltaire's keen interest in all that concerns the technique of poetry. Finally, I cannot account for the complete absence of the Présidente de Bernières.

To such objections — if objections they can be called — the reply would doubtless be that the translator was not appealing to students of the character of Voltaire or to persons familiar with his works; but to a class of readers

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who know little or nothing about him. Those readers have to be attracted and amused by salient situations and arresting anecdotes. Mrs. Tallentyre translates three of the fourteen love-letters addressed by Voltaire to 'Pimpette,' as he called Mlle. Dunoyer, when he was a page at The Hague in 1713, and nineteen years of age. The mamma of the young lady, with incredible levity, published the whole series seven years later. They are delicious, these relics of a romantic boyish adventure.

Mrs. Tallentyre has not been able to resist giving almost too great prominence to the visit of Voltaire to Potsdam. This is certainly the most entertaining, but also the least dignified, episode in his life. We may make too much of Voltaire's adventures among the sorry crowned heads of Germany. He liked kings and queens when they were restless, philosophical, and fantastic, and there were many such monarchs in the eighteenth century. He liked their company exactly as Swift liked that of the Tory peers; he enjoyed the sense of familiarity with people who combined keen wit with exalted station. But Voltaire and Swift alike were doomed to discover that porcelain is smashed if it encounters a brass pot.

The translation is careful and correct. But perhaps there is no species of literature, except lyrical verse, where so much is inevitably lost in the act of transmission from one language to another as in letter-writing. The better the epistle, that is to say the more spontaneous and sudden, the more idiomatic it becomes, and the less capable of leaving its native air. How is a sentence like the following to be rendered in English: *Le philosophe de Sans-Souci n'est pas sans souci, cependant il m'envoie toujours des cargaisons de vers avant de donner bataille, et après l'avoir donné?* The words are simplicity itself, the sense transparent, but how can they be rendered in another tongue than their native French? The thing is impossible. Voltaire's notes to Mme. d'Epinai are like delicate blue butterflies dancing in the sun. Nobody could rewrite them into our totally different language, and I observe that Mrs. Tallentyre has not attempted to tackle one of them. But she deserves much commendation for her efforts on less desperate occasions. Her little biographical introductions are to the point, and will be a great aid to the general reader.

We cannot turn to Voltaire too often, if we are careful to approach him with discretion. Not all in the vast mass of his composition, as not all in the infinite variety of his character, is worthy of our praise. But he himself, in his vastness, is above the impertinence of praise. He possessed, like Goethe himself, the quality of size, which Goethe rated so high. In the indefatigable production of masterpieces, great and small, he became, as his opulent life developed, more and more inspired by a sense of the serious responsibility of genius and the necessity of social reform. He bent his dazzling style and the armory of his wit to those ideal aims which in less skillful hands than his might have seemed humdrum. He had always been the apostle of intelligence; he now offered himself, not without a reasonable caution, as the martyr of tolerance and liberty. It is pleasant to observe that he understood better than any other Frenchman of his time the quality of our race. He was never tired of saying, *Que j'aime la hardiesse Anglaise*, and the happy relation between England and France which exists to-day owes not a little to the authority of Voltaire.

The Sunday Times

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A POLITICIAN OF THE PAST

BY LYTTON STRACHEY

CLIO is one of the most glorious of the Muses; but, as everyone knows, she (like her sister Melpomene) suffers from a sad defect: she is apt to be pompous. With her buskins, her robes, and her airs of importance she is at times, indeed, almost intolerable. But, fortunately, the Fates have provided a corrective. They have decreed that in her stately advances she should be accompanied by certain apish, impish creatures, who run round her tittering, pulling long noses, threatening to trip the good lady up, and even sometimes whisking to one side the corner of her drapery, and revealing her undergarments in a most indecorous manner. They are the diarists and letter-writers, the gossips and journalists of the past, the Pepyses and Horace Walpoles and Saint-Simons, whose function it is to reveal to us the littleness underlying great events and to remind us that history itself was once real life. Among them is Mr. Creevey. The Fates decided that Mr. Creevey should accompany Clio, with appropriate gestures, during that part of her progress which is measured by the thirty years preceding the accession of Victoria; and the little wretch did his job very well.

It might almost be said that Thomas Creevey was 'born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something of a round belly.' At any rate, we know nothing of his youth, save that he was educated at Cambridge, and he presents himself to us in the early years of the nineteenth century as a middle-aged man, with a character and a habit of mind already fixed and an established position in the world. In 1803 we find him what he was to be for the rest of his life—a member of Parliament, a familiar figure in high society, an insatiable gossip with a rattling tongue. That he should have reached and held the place he did is a proof of his talents, for he was a very poor man; for the greater part of his life his income was less than £200 a year. But those were the days of patrons and jobs, pocket-boroughs and talk, and splendid hospitality; and it was only natural that Mr. Creevey, penniless and immensely entertaining, should have been put into Parliament by a Duke, and welcomed in every great Whig house in the country with open arms. It was also only natural that, spending his whole political life as an advanced Whig, bent upon the destruction of abuses, he should have begun that life as a member for a pocket-borough and ended it as the holder of a sinecure. For a time his poverty was relieved by his marriage with a widow who had means of her own; but Mrs. Creevey died, her money went to her daughters by her previous husband, and Mr. Creevey reverted to a possessionless existence — without a house, without servants, without property of any sort — wandering from country mansion to country mansion, from dinner-party to dinner-party, until at last in his old age, on the triumph of the Whigs, he was rewarded with a pleasant little post which brought him in about £600 a year. Apart from these small ups

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and downs of fortune, Mr. Creevey's life was static — static spiritually, that is to say; for physically he was always on the move. His adventures were those of an observer, not of an actor; but he was an observer so very near the centre of things that he was by no means dispassionate; the rush of great events would whirl him round into the vortex, like a leaf in an eddy of wind; he would rave, he would gesticulate, with the fury of a complete partisan; and then, when the wind dropped, he would be found, like the leaf, very much where he was before. Luckily, too, he was not merely an agitated observer, but an observer who delighted in passing on his agitations, first with his tongue, and then — for so the Fates had decided — with his pen. He wrote easily, spicily, and persistently; he had a favorite stepdaughter, with whom he corresponded for years; and so it happens that we have preserved to us, side by side with the majestic march of Clio (who, of course, paid not the slightest attention to him), Mr. Creevey's exhilarating *pas de chat*.

Certainly he was not over-given to the praise of famous men. There are no great names in his vocabulary — only nicknames: George III is 'Old Nobs,' the Regent 'Prinney,' Wellington 'the Beau,' Lord John Russell 'Pie and Thimble,' Brougham, with whom he was on very friendly terms, is sometimes 'Bruffam,' sometimes 'Beelzebub,' and sometimes 'Old Wickedshifts'; and Lord Durham, who once remarked that one could 'jog along on £40,000 a year,' is 'King Jog.' The latter was one of the great Whig potentates, and it was characteristic of Creevey that his scurrility should have been poured out with a special gusto over his own leaders. The Tories were villains, of course — Canning was all perfidy and 'infinite meanness,' Huskisson a mass of 'intellectual confusion and mental dirt,' Castlereagh. . . . But all that was obvious and hardly worth mentioning; what was really too exacerbating to be borne was the folly and vileness of the Whigs. 'King Jog,' the 'Bogey,' 'Mother Cole,' and the rest of them — they were either knaves or imbeciles. Lord Gray was an exception; but then Lord Gray, besides passing the Reform Bill, presented Mr. Creevey with the Treasurership of the Ordnance, and in fact was altogether a most worthy man.

Another exception was the Duke of Wellington, whom, somehow or other, it was impossible not to admire. Creevey, throughout his life, had a trick of being 'in at the death' on every important occasion: in the House, at Brooks's, at the Pavilion, he invariably popped up at the critical moment; and so one is not surprised to find him at Brussels during Waterloo. More than that, he was the first English civilian to see the Duke after the battle, and his report of the conversation is admirable; one can almost hear the 'It has been a damned serious business. Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing — the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life,' and the 'By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there.' On this occasion the Beau spoke, as was fitting, 'with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy.' But at other times he was jocular, especially when 'Prinney' was the subject. 'By God! you never saw such a figure in your life as he is. Then he speaks and swears so like old Falstaff, that damn me if I was not ashamed to walk into the room with him.'

When, a few years later, the trial of Queen Caroline came on, it was in-

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evitable that Creevey should be there. He had an excellent seat in the front row, and his descriptions of 'Mrs. P.,' as he preferred to call Her Majesty, are characteristic:

> Two folding doors within a few feet of me were suddenly thrown open, and in entered Her Majesty. To describe to you her appearance and manner is far beyond my powers. I had been taught to believe she was as much improved in looks as in dignity of manners; it is, therefore, with much pain I am obliged to observe that the nearest resemblance I can recollect to this much injured Princess is a toy which you used to call Fanny Royds [a Dutch doll]. There is another toy of a rabbit or a cat, whose tail you squeeze under its body, and then out it jumps in half a minute off the ground into the air. The first of these toys you must suppose to represent the person of the Queen; the latter the manner by which she popped all at once into the House, made a *duck* to the throne, another to the Peers, and a concluding jump into the chair which was placed for her. Her dress was black figured gauze, with a good deal of trimming, lace, etc., her sleeves white, and perfectly episcopal; a handsome white veil, so thick as to make it very difficult to me, who was as near to her as anyone, to see her face; such a back for variety and inequality of ground as you never beheld; with a few straggling ringlets on her neck, which I flatter myself from their appearance were not Her Majesty's own property.

Mr. Creevey, it is obvious, was not the man to be abashed by the presence of Royalty.

But such public episodes were necessarily rare, and the main stream of his life flowed rapidly, gayly, and unobtrusively through the fat pastures of high society. Everywhere and always he enjoyed himself extremely, but his spirits and his happiness were at their highest, during his long summer sojourns at those splendid country houses whose hospitality he chronicles with indefatigable *verve*. 'This house,' he says at Raby, 'is itself *by far* the most magnificent and unique in several ways that I have ever seen. . . . As long as I have heard of anything, I have heard of being driven into the hall of this house in one's carriage, and being set down by the fire. You can have no idea of the magnificent perfection with which this is accomplished.' At Knowsley 'the new dining room is opened; it is 53 feet by 37, and such a height that it destroys the effect of all the other apartments. . . . There are two fireplaces; and the day we dined there, there were 36 wax candles over the table, 14 on it, and ten great lamps on tall pedestals about the room.' At Thorp Perrow 'all the living rooms are on the ground floor, one a very handsome one about 50 feet long, with a great bow furnished with rose-colored satin, and the whole furniture of which cost £4,000.' At Goodwood, the rooms were done up in 'brightest yellow satin,' and at Holkham the walls were covered with Genoa velvet, and there was gilding worth a fortune on 'the roofs of all the rooms and the doors.' The fare was as sumptuous as the furniture. Life passed amid a succession of juicy chops, gigantic sirloins, plump fowls, pheasants stuffed with *pâté de foie gras*, gorgeous Madeiras, ancient Ports. Wine had a double advantage: it made you drunk; it also made you sober: it was its own cure. On one occasion, when Sheridan, after days of riotous living, showed signs of exhaustion, Mr. and Mrs. Creevey pressed upon him 'five or six glasses of light French wine,' with excellent effect. Then, at midnight, when the talk began to flag and the spirits grew a little weary, what could be more rejuvenating than to ring the bell for a broiled bone? And one never rang in vain — except, to be sure, at King Jog's. There, while the host was guzzling, the guests starved. This was too much for Mr. Creevey, who, finding he could get nothing for breakfast, while King Jog was 'eating his own

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fish as comfortably as could be,' fairly lost his temper.

My blood beginning to boil, I said: 'Lambton, I wish you could tell me what quarter I am to apply to for some fish.' To which he replied in the most impertinent manner: 'The servant, I suppose.' I turned to Mill and said pretty loud: 'Now, if it was not for the fuss and jaw of the thing, I would leave the room and the house this instant'; and dwelt on the damned outrage. Mill said: 'He hears every word you say': to which I said: 'I hope he does.' It was a regular scene.

A few days later, however, Mr. Creevey was consoled by finding himself in a very different establishment, where 'everything is of a piece — excellent and plentiful dinners, a fat service of plate, a fat butler, a table with a barrel of oysters and a hot pheasant, etc., wheeled into the drawing room every night at half-past ten.'

It is difficult to remember that this was the England of the Six Acts, of Peterloo, and of the Industrial Revolution. Mr. Creevey, indeed, could hardly be expected to remember it, for he was utterly unconscious of the existence — of the possibility — of any mode of living other than his own. For him, dining rooms 50 feet long, bottles of Madeira, broiled bones, and the brightest yellow satin were as necessary and obvious a part of the constitution of the universe as the light of the sun and the law of gravity. Only once in his life was he seriously ruffled; only once did a public question present itself to him as something alarming, something portentous, something more than a personal affair. The occasion is significant. On March 16, 1825, he writes:

I have come to the conclusion that our Ferguson is *insane*. He quite foamed at the mouth with rage in our Railway Committee in support of this infernal nuisance — the locomotive monster, carrying *eighty tons* of goods, and navigated by a tail of smoke and sulphur, coming through every man's grounds between Manchester and Liverpool.

His perturbation grew. He attended the committee assiduously, but in spite of his efforts it seemed that the railway bill would pass. The locomotive was more than a joke. He sat every day from 12 to 4; he led the opposition with long speeches. 'This railway,' he exclaims on May 31, 'is the devil's own.' Next day, he is in triumph: he had killed the monster.

Well — this devil of a railway is strangled at last. . . . To-day we had a clear majority in committee in our favor, and the promoters of the bill withdrew it, and took their leave of us.

With a sigh of relief he whisked off to Ascot, for the festivities of which he was delighted to note that 'Prinney' had prepared 'by having 12 ounces of blood taken from him by cupping.'

Old age hardly troubled Mr. Creevey. He grew a trifle deaf, and he discovered that it was possible to wear woolen stockings under his silk ones; but his activity, his high spirits, his popularity, only seemed to increase. At the end of a party ladies would crowd round him. 'Oh, Mr. Creevey, how agreeable you have been!' 'Oh, thank you, Mr. Creevey! how useful you have been.' 'Dear Mr. Creevey, I laughed out loud last night in bed at one of your stories.' One would like to add (rather late in the day, perhaps) one's own praises. One feels almost affectionate; a certain sincerity, a certain immediacy in his response to stimuli, are endearing qualities; one quite understands that it was natural, on the pretext of changing house, to send him a dozen of wine. Above all, one wants him to go on. Why should he stop? Why should he not continue indefinitely telling us about 'Old Salisbury' and 'Old Madagascar?' But it could not be.

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Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, Madame;
Las! Le temps non, mais nous, nous en allons.

It was fitting that, after fulfilling his seventy years, he should catch a glimpse of 'little Vic' as Queen of England, laughing, eating, and showing her gums too much at the Pavilion. But that was enough: the piece was over; the curtain had gone down; and on the new stage that was preparing for very different characters, and with a very different style of decoration, there would be no place for Mr. Creevey.

The Athenæum

AN AMATEUR: A STORY

BY F. P.

We, who in those days were helping the poor by living among them — taking a great deal for granted, in the manner of earnest youth, but all meaning well — liked Henry from the first. Our Irish comrade had unearthed him, it seemed, living alone, and sorry for himself, in Moss Side lodgings, where a fond mother had deposited him with a landlady who said she used to cook for a clergyman. (Henry alleged the clergyman expired of continuous mutton.) O'Brien brought Henry into our fellowship, and, as I say, we all liked him, for he gave himself at once to you in friendship with absurd absence of caution. He knew even less of the world than our statistician. He had absolutely no qualifications as a social reformer, but that was too transparent for reproach His general attitude of acceptance at first disarmed even our leader, who was singularly unemotional for an altruist. But our leader never got over his disappointment on finding that Henry was not a well-known socialistic pamphleteer of the same name. His remark 'I'm afraid Henry is a dilettante' gave him some pain when a friend passed it on. Henry knew it all too well. His mind instinctively rejected everything but literature. His conscientious attacks on Blue Books were pathetic. Henry's country complexion was refreshing among our smoke-bleached faces, and the youngest of us had never been as trustful as he was.

He lived down his first discouragements, and by way of doing the thing thoroughly went to live in the Collard Street model dwellings. The regular headquarters was an old brick house that had a playing-ground paved with tombs on one side and a sad little park on the other. It was too comfortable for the self-conscious austerity of Henry. He installed himself in a bleak fifth-story flat. A small bookcase filled with choice editions of the poets was the only concession he allowed the weaker side of his nature. Climbing up to see him one night, I found him sitting patiently in the dark. He had forgotten the maddening habit of the gas metre of ceasing work unless perpetually fed with pennies. I believe he was really happy admiring the effects

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of the moon hung among the mill chimneys and shining on the steaming canal below. He said he was thinking about the gas metre, and how the poor are cursed with the necessity of buying everything in small quantities and at huge prices. Duty and instinct at war often induced such innocent hypocrisy in his mind. Before long his flat was shared by a man whose merits as a reformer filled Henry with naïve wonder and envy. This was Baker, who had shed the ornamental parts of his mind at Oxford, and was now grimly well informed and well regulated. Like the young man in the Wells novel, Baker ordered his days according to a *schema*. He approved only moderately of Henry. Baker finally gave judgment against our novice on the day Henry went to a Hallé Concert when he ought to have been compiling the case-paper of old Mrs. Williams. Baker never forgot anything, provided it was down on his *schema*. He had a mind like the works of a watch, and Henry would keep throwing dust into the works in mere carelessness. The crisis came one day when Henry lost the only latchkey, and Baker had to wait an hour on the stairs — an hour dedicated in the *schema* to 'light mental exercise.' Baker left. Henry got on better with his next lodger — a Yorkshireman with a large, eloquent mouth, a born stump orator, the idol of street-corner Socialist rallies. When not at the street corner, Wilfred was either in bed or in his favorite café. He was worthless as a mentor, but imparted wrinkles about the tricks of political camouflage which opened Henry's eyes.

But Henry was suffering. He lost his color, and grew listless for such a sanguine man. Mrs. Mahony from No. 23 'did for him,' and did well by him. He was always 'my gentleman.' One Saturday night I found Henry in bed in a dazed condition, with a black eye and a swollen mouth. Mrs. Mahony explained. 'There was a to-do at No. 13, on the ground floor. Mr. Griffiths was playing Hamlet with his missis — he'd locked the door, and was knocking her about something 'orrid. My gentleman shouted to him to stop it. Mr. Griffiths said he'd do him in if he did n't clear off. But my gentleman burst in the door and fair scrambled over Mr. Griffiths. He got proper mauled, poor dear, but the missis had time to slip out — to the pub, I believe. 'E's an innocent, is my gentleman.' Henry came back to the house soon after, faint but still pursuing.

Henry was at his best in our social activities. He won golden opinions by his tireless activity among the afflicted children who came to us to be entertained. He seemed to glow in the atmosphere of open-hearted friendliness that filled our long room with its smoke-dimmed pictures. I remember he gave countless hours of his vague existence to playing chess with a cripple boy of silent and censorious disposition, who always beat him. The boy died, and Henry walked behind the coffin. 'Mr. Henry was a proper gentleman to Jim,' said Jim's mother. The ablest social reformer among us never earned a better tribute in the streets of ——.

One day Henry, disheveled and distressed, was marched into the presence of our leader by a policeman. A crowd of jeering boys and excited women threatened him from the pavement outside. We were carrying out a great housing investigation at the time, and Henry was allotted about a score of streets, given a yard measure and a notebook, and told to measure up the rooms in every house. 'It was quite simple,' Henry told me afterwards. 'I used to knock at the door and go in and tell the old girl I'd come to

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measure up the house. I thought at first they'd pitch me out — *I* would if anybody walked into my house with a ruler — but they seemed to like it. Well, I used to crawl round the floors measuring up, fairly correctly, too, till I got tired, while the ladies asked me was it for the gas or was I selling linoleum. I saw some queer things, too, and some damned sad ones, and I felt a thorough fraud. This afternoon, in —— Street, I noticed the people seemed a bit wound up about me. All the kids and some women followed me from door to door. Finally, one fierce old woman asked me if I was n't collecting money for a patent rheumatics remedy. I said no, but I should want something for housemaid's knee myself soon. The next thing was the bobby arrived and took me away. It appears some real fraud had been that way collecting on some swindle or other, and there'd been a warning in the paper against him. They thought I was the chap.'

Soon afterwards came the final test, and Henry failed disastrously. He was sent to interview old Mr. Bentham, the redoubtable rip of No. 59, Hobson's Buildings, who had shown of late slight, but, I fear, insincere yearnings for sweetness and light. He was to argue with old Mr. Bentham, to lead him skillfully and firmly to consciousness of social sin, and to exact a promise that he would attend at the next social gathering at the Centre. Henry went to Hobson's Buildings, a vile place near a malodorous chemical works, where there was an incessant clatter of mill-girls' clogs. But he never visited No. 59. 'As I was going up the beastly stairs,' he told the unsympathetic chief, 'I heard a jolly tune coming out of another flat. The door was open, and I saw such a queer family — Bohemian gypsies, I believe. They were camping in an empty room. A young girl — a beauty — was playing a sort of zither — a bewitching tune. I let the old hag tell my fortune, and I came away without twopence to bless myself with. Never saw anything more weird than those wild vagrants camping in a slum, playing their siren music.' 'And what about old Mr. Bentham?' 'Oh, I forgot the old blighter — very sorry.'

It was not long before Henry departed. He told me in confidence he thought the poor rather liked to be left alone.

The Manchester Guardian

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THE REMAKING OF VILLAGE LIFE

BY EDITH SELLERS

At the door of a cottage in a Home-County village, a middle-aged man was standing one Saturday afternoon. He was still in khaki of a sort, although no longer a soldier: he had had his discharge, to his great delight, a few weeks before; and was back at his old job, in his old village, in his own old home for which he had so often longed while in France. And he was one of the lucky; all had gone well with him while he was at the war, all had gone well with his wife and children, too; they were more sturdy and vigorous when he returned than when he had left them. Thus he really had, as his wife often told him, good reason to rejoice and be thankful. But no one would ever have thought it to see him, as he stood there, for he looked the veriest Jeremiah. There was gloom and desolation in his eyes, despondency in the very way he hung his head.

'Why, what is the matter? What has gone wrong?' a friend, who chanced to be passing, inquired.

'Oh! it's naught. I shall get used to it i' time I suppose,' the man replied, with a sigh so deep that it seemed to say he did n't much think he ever could.

Now the 'it,' as his friend soon learned, was the village, or rather his life in the village, the life he had led so contentedly before he went to the war, and to which he had returned so gladly only a few weeks before.

'No, it ain't as it 's dull, though it is dull, but I don't mind that,' he explained. 'What I do mind is how all seems so changed. The village ain't a bit as it used to be. Naught is as it used to be. My wife ain't a bit; and as for them lads! And they used to be such good lads! It's all their mother's doing. She says as how I'm never off their bones, and I knows as how they're never from under my feet. One 'ud think to hear her talk — she never used to talk like that — as how I was in her way. She's just gone off with the lads, or I 'ud be in her way now. There's no getting out of her way; there's nowhere to go to but the pub, and the pub's allus shut when it rains, and it allus rains now. It ain't a bit as it used to be.' He sighed again more dolefully even than before.

The man was right. Nothing is now quite as it used to be. Even in villages everything is changed and everyone. His wife, his children, he himself are none of them now as they were before the war. Then his wife did what he told her to do, did it without caviling; it never even occurred to her to do otherwise. She had not a penny she could call her own; and in spending what he gave her, she always thought first of what he would like. That he should have the best of everything in the house, and that she and the children should take the 'remlings' and be thankful, seemed to her quite natural. Her business in life, so far as she could see, was to make him comfortable, and comfortable she made him. When he came home at night, the children were safe in bed; and, let him say what he would, he was to her Sir Oracle.

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That was all very well in pre-war days; but a woman who for three whole years has had to take thought for herself and her children, to plan, contrive, and who has had a free hand, gone her own way, spent her own money, more money than her husband had ever had, cannot be expected to return to that sort of thing, she maintains; and with reason. In three years, a woman can do much leveling-up, especially when, in those years, she has become a citizen, been given a vote. She feels herself quite on a par with her husband now, feels that she has just as much right as he to have a say on what is passing; that she and her children have as much right, too, to the best of the food and any comfort there may be. And she shows it, and her children, who feel as she does, show it even more plainly; for while she was away doing well-paid work, they got out of hand. There is no sending them to bed now. They are, as their father says, never from under his feet. And he is not so good tempered as he used to be; the war has played havoc with his nerves; and, after three years of law and order, well-cooked regular meals, the casual ways of his wife, combined with the riotous ways of his sons, worry him. Nor is that all. He misses his old soldier-comrades; he feels very lonely away from them all, in this village where there is no place where one can go and be sure of meeting a friend:

Now, as it is with this man, so is it with many of the married ex-soldiers whose lot lies in villages; and before long it will be so with more. They have come home to find all things changed, as it seems, and that in itself is hard to bear; while, what makes it the harder, is that they themselves are changed. Things trouble them now that never troubled them before; what used to seem quite natural seems intolerable now. The size of their cottages and the state they are in is a real trial to some of them. 'One can't whip a cat in this tumble-down little hole,' they complained. Others are upset by the crying of a baby. One young ex-soldier declared, only the other day, that he wished he was back in the trenches. And all because his own son had taken to shrieking. 'He's a lucky dog. I wish I was him,' another exclaimed, when told that his brother was on his way to Cologne. 'There are no kiddies out there,' he added by way of explanation. Yet both these men had returned to their homes rejoicing aloud that they need never leave them again.

Then the doings and non-doings of wives are the cause of even more cherished grievances than either kiddies or cottages. 'She don't care a bit whether I gets any dinner or not.' 'She's never at home; she's always off somewhere or other.' 'Yes, she earns lots of money; she spends it, too.' These are remarks that may be heard fairly frequently now in places where married ex-soldiers meet. For many women, who first went out to work when their husbands were at the war, still persist in going out. They like going out, it makes a change. They like, too, having money of their own to spend, and they see no reason why they should not go out, even though their going out spells comfortless homes, no homes at all in fact. This, husbands with nerves ajar resent, of course, just as they resent, unreasonably perhaps, the many other things wives do now that they never dreamed of doing in pre-war days — giving tea-parties, going off to towns in search of bargains. And resentment leads to strife, especially in villages where couples live together in little cottages, and have no place where they can go when they wish to get out of each other's

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way. Little wonder there are married ex-soldiers who are finding it hard to settle down to village life.

It is not only men with wives who 'ain't a bit as they used to be,' however, that are finding this settling-down very hard. Men with good wives, or with no wives at all, are also finding it hard. The average village ex-soldier, indeed, is by no means so happy as he thought he would be, when he returned from the war. He has a vague feeling that there is something wrong somewhere; something out of joint. The fact is he finds living in a village very dull after living in a camp. He misses the huts he had in France, his old canteen, the library, and halls; he misses, too, the pleasures provided for him there, the concerts, plays, bands of music, and diverse sports. Being fairly young, he does not so much mind things being changed. What he does mind is things being dull. And what he minds most of all is there being nowhere he can go when his work is done.

Within the last three years, I have been in some two hundred villages in search of parish halls, public libraries, clubs, institutes of any kind, indeed, to which the villagers may betake themselves in an evening, sure of finding a room well lighted and fairly comfortable, in which to sit and have a smoke, a read, a talk with a friend, a game of bagatelle, or even a rest. And I can count on my fingers those that I have found. In the overwhelming majority of English villages there is nowhere a man can go on a winter's evening, if he wish for a change from his home surroundings, excepting, perhaps, a public house. And he cannot go there unless he have money in his pocket, and not always even then. When his day's work is done, his only refuge is his cottage, or half cottage, one room perhaps, or even a shake-down. And there babies may be crying, youngsters scrambling round, or quarreling may be going on. None the less there he must stay, must spend his whole evening, unless he chooses to wander about in the cold; for the chances are many that there is nowhere else where he can go. And this is undoubtedly at the root of much of the trouble. This in itself goes far toward explaining why ex-soldiers are finding it hard to settle down in villages, why they find village life so dull.

Village life here is not really duller now than it was before the war; still, to the men who have been at the war, it seems duller; and dull it undoubtedly is. In no country that I know, and I have sojourned in seventeen countries, is life in the average village so appallingly dull as in England. Yet in most other countries the conditions of rural life are much harder than here; men work for longer hours and lower wages, there is less comfort, more poverty, than here. None the less, so far as I can judge, life there is on the whole better worth living than here, more varied, more interesting. For almost everywhere, excepting here, it is realized that even villagers must have something in the way of pleasure, of change, something to break the dull routine of their daily life, to stir up new emotions, suggest new ideas, to set them a-thinking in fact. The villagers themselves feel this so strongly that if there be no pleasure at hand they turn into a pleasure what was devised as something quite different.

A pilgrimage to the tomb of a saint may not appeal to tastes here, but in poor little Croatia it is quite otherwise. There the peasants go on pilgrimages much as here better-off folk go on joyrides. A pilgrimage is for them a huge picnic, one which they enjoy whole-heartedly, and which does them all the good in the world. In

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many foreign villages the whole population is kept interested and amused for months at a time by preparations for a miracle play at Christmas, or a zither concert, in honor of the Virgin, in May. Such pleasures may seem childish, but they are pleasures, none the less, recreations, and as such they serve their purpose. In Balkan villages, shooting contests, scouting expeditions, the holding of amateur manœvres, framing of stratagems for the routing of foes, all rank as recreations, and are to the natives a source of intense delight. Go where one will, indeed, one finds that almost everywhere means have been devised of relieving the dull monotony of village life in winter, almost everywhere excepting here in England.

Here, in most villages, there is nothing to make life less dull, nothing in the way of recreation. Even the old dance on the green seems to have gone out of fashion; and with it the harvest-home and wait-singing. Nor is there anything to keep minds on the alert, to secure them against rust. The average English villager never hears a lecture, year in, year out, or even a speech unless there is an election. Books are a luxury beyond his reach, for the nearest library is probably miles away; and he rarely sees a daily paper. If he wishes to hear the news, he must go to the public house, just as he must go there if he wishes to find someone to talk to. And going to the public house is good neither for his head nor his pocket. He has, therefore, practically no chance of sharpening his wits, freeing his brain of its cobwebs, being put in the way of thinking, or of having his corners knocked off. He has no chance, in fact, of developing the best that in him lies, or of being fitted to live a life worth living. And meanwhile, although he can earn enough to live on, he can make no provision for his old age. So long as this state of things continues, there is not much hope that the younger and more energetic of the villagers, who have been to the war, will ever again settle down quite contentedly to rural life; nor is there any hope at all, or so it seems to me, that many of the ex-soldier townsmen who are now bent on going to live in rural districts will stay there, if they go. So long as this state of things does continue, indeed, one can hardly wish that they should, when one sees the deadening effect living in rural districts often has.

A few months ago, a bright, alert, intelligent looking young fellow returned from the war to work on the land. He was the very picture of health, strength, and all that is wholesome: he held himself erect as he walked; he was spick and span, and had a cheery greeting for everyone. I saw him the other day. He was slouching along the road with his shoulders higher than his ears; and he looked twenty years older than he had ever looked before — he had lost every trace alike of youth and alertness. I did not know him at first, he was so changed — changed, so far as I could make out, because he was living in a dull little village after living in the midst of the bustle and excitement of a camp.

Now there is no reason why an English village should be dull; no reason, indeed, why it should not be made so lively that even ex-soldiers could live there contentedly. And if they could, it would undoubtedly be much better for them, maimed as many of them are, shattered in health, with 'rattled' nerves, that they should live there rather than in towns; much better for the whole nation, too, financially as well as socially and politically. It behooves us all, therefore, surely for the sake of England as well as for the

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sake of these men who have fought for her and for us, to set to work forthwith to try to turn villages into places where they can live not only contentedly, but happily, without losing touch with their fellows, and taking an interest in what is going on in the world. For this can be done without much spending of money, although not without much cudgeling of brains, taking of trouble. That it can, the Danes have proved; and from them we could, if we would, learn how to do it.

Of the countries I know, Denmark is certainly the one that has solved the village life problem most satisfactorily. There the average villager is just as alert intellectually, as keenly interested in what is going on at home and abroad, as eager for the latest news, as the average townsman. When cheap science primers were first published in Danish, there was a greater demand for them in rural districts than in towns. It is in villages more often than not that Parliamentary candidates are asked the most searching questions; and it is village constituents who keep the strictest watch over Folketing doings; and, when things go wrong, call Ministers to account most promptly. I was never in a Danish cottage where I did not find both newspapers and books; and I never came across a Danish peasant who did not know more about England and her colonies than any English agricultural laborer I have ever met. Again and again, when in rural Denmark during the Boer War, I was amazed at the questions I was asked as to its whys and wherefores; I was amazed, too, on one occasion, by being told, by a poor old woman, that Oliver Cromwell, had he been alive, would never have allowed such a war to be waged. Nor is it only in science and politics that these peasants are interested; they are also keenly interested in history and literature, especially in their own folklore, more interested, indeed, than townspeople. And in this there is nothing extraordinary; for, practically, they have the same opportunities as townspeople for reading, learning, studying, and they have more leisure than the average townsman has to turn these opportunities to account.

In almost every Danish village there is a meeting house built at the expense of the whole village, and managed by a committee of the villagers, for the use of the whole village. This house is the social centre of the village, the place where men and women alike turn their steps instinctively when in quest of a change, a rest, something to read, someone to talk to, someone to listen while they talk. It varies according to the size and wealth of the village; in some places it is a fine building; in others it is merely an old cottage or barn that has been turned into a house. No matter how poor it may be, however, it has always a hall, *i.e.*, a well-lighted, comfortable room, large enough to hold seats for all the adult villagers. At one end of the hall there is generally a platform; and at the other there is always a space reserved as a reading room and library, unless, indeed, there be in the house a separate reading room. For in Denmark no self-respecting village community would ever dream of being without some place where not only daily papers but weekly and monthly reviews, as well as books, may be read. Not that the villagers are dependent on libraries for their reading. Even the very poor among them often combine to subscribe for a journal, or buy a book which they each read in turn.

In a well-managed village, the meeting house is always a busy place. There one night at least every week in winter the young men meet together

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for physical culture. They have their unpaid Sandow, and go through a regular course of training. There also one night a week old and young alike meet together to hear a lecture. About twice a month a grand debate is held, the debaters being the villagers themselves, helped out by University students, perhaps. Twice a month, too, there is a concert; while from time to time there are private theatricals, social evenings, and even dances.

Sometimes the lecturers are paid, but very rarely; for they are as a rule either professors, students, or politicians; and they make it part of their regular work to lecture in villages gratis. In some districts there is a committee, the duty of which is to see that all the villages are well supplied with lectures.

It is no unusual thing to find, in quite a little village, a political club solemnly watching over the government and sending them messages of praise or warning; a rifle club, too, the members of which spend their leisure practising shooting that they may the better defend their country. Then almost everywhere there is an agricultural society; and its members meet together to talk over the different ways of working land, and discuss new methods. Attached to the agricultural society there is often a coöperative society, through which the villages buy their supplies and sell their produce. All these societies are in touch with the Department for Agriculture, which keeps them informed as to the results of the latest experiments in scientific land culture, and sends its officials down to make things clear to them.

Meeting houses, clubs, and societies would undoubtedly do fine work in Danish villages, even if they stood alone; but what gives special value to them is that behind them are peasants' high schools, as well as agricultural colleges. In Denmark, where the whole population is only some three millions, there are seventy-five peasants' high schools, *i.e.* colleges where not only peasant farmers, but agricultural laborers go in winter to study history, literature, political economy, hygiene, and many things besides. Every year some ten thousand students, a good third of whom are agricultural laborers, spend the 'dead' months in the high schools; and they all spread the light when they are back in their villages, for they try, by lecturing and leading debates, to teach their comrades what the school professors have taught them. Debates play a great rôle in Denmark. They are an unfailing source of delight to many of the peasants among whom they do a wonderful work, not only brightening their wits, but keeping alive their interest in things outside their village. And debates do not cost a penny, it must be noted, while even high schools cost very little. Most of them, indeed, manage to support themselves with the help of the government grant of £2 per student. For admission is not gratis: before he goes there for a winter course, every student must by hook or crook save £8 wherewith to pay for his board, lodging, and tuition. And this he can do, if he be thrifty; for the Danish peasants are not only 'the most enlightened peasants in Europe,' as Björnsen declares, they are also the most prosperous. Among them there are no signs of poverty; on the contrary they all look well fed; and, so far as an outsider can judge, the great mass of them live in comfort. And all because they are experts in agriculture, for the soil of Denmark has nothing to recommend it, nor has the climate.

Needless to say, village life in Denmark was not always as it is to-day nor were Danish peasants as they are

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They, indeed, within living memory, did not differ markedly from English agricultural laborers. Curiously enough, they owe their present well-being, in a great measure, to their past misfortunes. The loss of Schleswig-Holstein, coming as it did after the loss of their fleet to England, and their disastrous war in '48, was a terrible blow for the whole nation, one that stunned townsfolk and country folk alike; for it seemed to them the beginning of the end, proof that Denmark was doomed. And doomed she might have been, had not a band of fervent patriots thrown themselves heart and soul, as the veriest Crusaders, into the task of saving her. They revived the great work Bishop Grundtvig had started after the war against England, going through the land from end to end, appealing with passionate force to their countrymen to rouse themselves from the fatalistic apathy into which, in their despair, they were sinking; to fight tooth and nail against the demoralization by which they were beset. The result was a great national revival, class was drawn nearer to class than ever before; a feeling of brotherhood sprang up, a feeling that in this, their hour of trial, they must all work together, must each, so far as in him lay, give a helping hand to his fellows, give it first of all to the peasants, as it was they who needed it most.

There was great misery in rural districts at the time; for much of the land was badly worked as well as poor; and the peasants had heavier burdens to bear than they could bear, depressed and demoralized as they were. The Crusaders, therefore, set to work at once to teach them how to farm it profitably, seeing to it the while that the terms on which they held it were bettered. Experts in agriculture went about from village to village, lecturing, holding demonstrations, teaching scientific methods of farming, helping the farmers to form coöperative societies for buying and selling, and to work in coöperation with one another. As time passed the government joined in the work; agricultural colleges and itinerant schools were organized; and a thoroughly good education in their calling was brought within the reach, not only of peasant farmers, but of laborers.

Meanwhile the Crusaders were keenly alive to the fact, that, as man does not live by bread alone, material prosperity was not in itself enough to render his life worth living. And the lives of each one of these peasants must be rendered worth living if he were ever to escape from his slough of despond, ever to face the world cheerily and become a useful citizen, able to do good work for his country as well as himself. This was a point on which they all agreed, and there were men of all sorts and conditions among them. While some of them were at work teaching the peasant how to farm that he might live in comfort; others were, therefore, striving to bring pleasure within his reach and put him in the way of enjoying his life; while others again were trying to inspire him with the wish to turn his life to good account. Famous divines preached eloquent sermons in little village churches; great statesmen gave stirring addresses on village greens; and in old barns artists of renown took part in concerts and plays, recited patriotic poems, and told thrilling tales of the heroic deeds Danes had done in bygone days, and might do in days to come. Soon there was something or other going on, one day at least every week, in almost every village; something which not only gave the villagers delight, and thus helped them to shake off their despondency, but which set them a-thinking, and thus made for

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education as well as pleasure. Before long they began to read, to clamor for books, to question the lecturers, and join in the debates. They began, too, to build or rent meeting houses for themselves, and organize book supplies, libraries; and then the battle was won. All that was needed was time for life in Danish villages to become what it is, and Danish peasants to become as they are.

Now, if the Danes, after a terrible defeat, could do all that to better the lot of those who live in their villages, surely we, after a great victory, might do something to better the lot of those who live in ours. We ought, indeed, to do something, and at once, if only for the sake of the villagers who went to the war and helped to win for us our victory. For their sake we ought to see to it, that, in every village, there is at least a meeting house of some sort, a place where they can spend their evenings in decent comfort. Such a place would cost so little and would mean so much to many of them. No better thank-offering than a meeting house could be given to the men who went forth from their villages to fight for us, and are now, or soon will be, again in their old homes; nor could a better memorial than a meeting house be raised to those who went forth, but will never return.

The Cornhill Magazine

A NEW LIFE OF JOHN REDMOND*

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

It is not altogether pleasant to review a book on the subject which one happens one's self to have in hand; and perhaps the fairest plan is to state frankly that the reviewer is also a competitor. This, at least, can be said with justice; Mr. W. B. Wells, who is an Englishman brought to Ireland by his post on the staff of the best Irish Unionist newspaper, writes of Redmond with a detachment and impartiality wholly impossible to any man who served, as I did, under Redmond's leadership in the Irish party for a matter of twelve years. His book is eminently fair and sympathetic, though written from the standpoint of one more closely in touch with the newer Irish movements than with the old Parliamentary party; it is the work of a well-informed and serious student who has published several volumes dealing competently with the Ireland of to-day. What it lacks as a biography is the personal note — necessarily so, for Redmond was a man of few intimates, and even dangerously aloof from the younger generation. Except Mr. Devlin, for whom he had great friendship and affection, I can think of no man with whom he lived in really familiar intercourse who was not associated with him during the evil times of the great split in Irish politics. He was much a creature of habit, and his habits were formed

*John Redmond: A Biography. By Warre B. Wells. Nisbet. 8s. 6d.

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in those days. What linked him, for instance, to Mr. Hayden, Mr. Clancy, and Mr. John O'Connor divided him even from many Nationalists of the old school. Between him and Mr. Dillon there was constant political communication, and, in all senses, close confidence, but scarcely, I think, personal intimacy. Perhaps Mr. Wells hardly brings out sufficiently how much Redmond left to Mr. Dillon. Certainly the establishment of the National University, which Mr. Wells ranks 'highest, perhaps, after the enactment of Home Rule among his political triumphs,' was in a peculiar sense Mr. Dillon's victory, for the solution of the problem was on lines which he laid down; though, of course, the handling of the general political situation which made that success possible was, in the main, Redmond's.

But there is one phrase in this book which Redmond would have sharply deprecated. Mr. Wells writes about the early years when he was a party whip. 'His more gentle upbringing may have kept him aloof from many of his colleagues.' I never knew a man who chose his intimates with less reference to conventional standards. Those who came year after year to spend as long as they chose at Aughavanagh — the strange old barrack among the Wicklow mountains from which he never willingly moved — were friends chosen absolutely for their quality as men. I was never of their number (Mr. Wells does me too much honor in some such suggestion), for their association had its roots back in that ancient fight; but I know enough to be sure that no survivor of that privileged group will question that Pat O'Brien, for so many years the exacting and beloved little whip of our party, was of all guests the most constant and most welcome at Aughavanagh; and 'Paddy' (as all called him) was neither 'gently brought up,' nor gentle (except with children and they adored him), and seven times never was he genteel. Redmond himself was a great gentleman; he had the rare gift of combining dignity with charm; he was in certain ways outwardly most conventional; but he had a completely unconventional mind. Where he was not interested he had prejudices, but all his tastes were sincere, all his standards were his own; and if he liked a book or man no one else's opinion had anything to do with his judgment. In consequence his circle was oddly assorted; you could hardly say why or how it recruited itself. He did not care greatly about talk and often was laconic almost to the point of brusqueness; but he liked company, the presence of those with whom he was completely in sympathy. Politics went too deep with him for association to be possible unless there was agreement on vital matters. Outside of this, love of sport made a bond with some, for grouse-shooting on the mountains by which he was surrounded made one of the chief pleasures of his life. Yet several of the men had no part in this, though all, I think, shared what perhaps he valued most of all in summertime — his daily baths in the long deep narrow pool under a fall in the mountain stream near his house. This book has a photograph of him standing by it with a rod in his hand; but he was very little of a fisherman, and the costume in which I best recall him there was a bath towel.

Mr. Wells says somewhere of Redmond: 'To different audiences he could talk differently,' and goes on to add that in America he 'could not estrange the support of the extremist from himself by laying stress on his own belief that the Irish national claim might be satisfied within the British Empire.' This is, no doubt,

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true, but it is liable to misinterpretation. Redmond insisted strongly on the fact that all the extremist things he ever said were said in the House of Commons. In all his dealings he was by temperament and by policy straightforward. He did not expect to get straightforward dealing from British Ministers, but he believed in the British public instinct to fair play. Unfortunately, in time of war that instinct is powerless. He was very proud, and justly so, of the Irish party's record for making good on any bargain; Mr. Birrell has testified loyally to this loyalty. In general, Mr. Wells puts the truth about him in two sentences:

> For him politics were not the happy hunting ground of the self-seeking intriguer, but the highest form of public service to which a man's talents could be devoted. When I speak of his reputation as a political strategist, I mean nothing less worthy than the consummate skill with which he used his political talents to mould political forces and seize political opportunities for the advancement of those Irish interests in whose service he spent his life.

The most valuable part of this book, and the most original, is that which deals with the gradual estrangement which severed Redmond and his party from the newer forces in Ireland. It was a wonderful achievement to hold together the party on the lines originally laid down by Parnell for a period (as Mr. Wells points out) far in excess of what Parnell counted possible. No man of hundreds who went through our ranks was tempted away from his allegiance by any offer that any government could make. But 'the political energies of Ireland were concentrated at Westminster' (it would be more accurate to say 'on Westminster'), 'and public life in Ireland suffered in consequence a certain stagnation.' The 'rigid conditions of party discipline' were repellent to younger men, and I remember how the most brilliant of his generation, P. T. M. Kettle, chafed under their restraint. And, to speak plainly, there was in the party as a whole a tendency to reject anything which had not made part of the creed in Parnell's day. The 'New Departure' of 1880 had become the somewhat intolerant orthodoxy of 1910. In many respects Redmond was the least intolerant of leading Parliamentary Nationalists — though his toleration was extended rather to Sir Horace Plunkett's circle of activities than to the Gaelic or literary revival. With these he had little real contact, though an advocate in general of the Gaelic studies.

But, by and large, the truth is, and Mr. Wells scarcely brings it out, that Redmond won continuously till the war came and created a new situation of unparalleled difficulty, which he instantly by a stroke of genius turned to account. Only Nationalist Ireland could have defeated him. It gave to the British government a fresh opportunity to blunder.

The war hit Ireland at the precise moment when Home Rule was established in principle. As a result of passing the Act, but postponing its operation, the authorities in Dublin Castle became merely a stop-gap makeshift; caretakers in the house. When grave trouble arose they were powerless to contend with it, and abdicated instantly in favor of another temporary expedient — military rule directed without local knowledge. Redmond and the Irish party had neither the opportunity nor the power to assist.

Normally, once the Act passed, steps in preparation for bringing it into action would have begun at once. New interest would have been aroused and opposition would have only revived enthusiasm. As it was, delay

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paralyzed everything except criticism. The Irish party were condemned to lag superfluous on the scene; their work, the purpose of their being, was achieved in theory; no new duties were created for them. Had the rebellion occurred with an Irish government in being, popular opinion, which, as Mr. Wells points out, was against the rebellion, would have rallied actively to the native authority. But to support an English military Governor in inflicting penalties on Irishmen without consultation of any elected Irish government, was more than Irish public opinion would do; and Redmond could only look on. The malignity of fate could have devised no worse embarrassment.

Mr. Wells concludes on a note of optimism. No sincere effort is wasted, he thinks. Those who helped in building up so laboriously what was so swiftly and so recklessly destroyed may be pardoned if they feel their response slow in coming to his confidence that ultimately all is best for Ireland in the best possible of worlds.

The Telegraph

THE POETRY OF THOMAS HARDY

BY A. NAIRNE

In 1898 Mr. Hardy published *Wessex Poems*, 1902 *Poems of the Past and Present*, in 1904–8 came that mighty drama *The Dynasts*, in 1904 and 1914 *Time's Laughing-Stocks* and *Satires of Circumstance*. Now the veteran gives us *Moments of Vision*, and will, we hope, still give us more. A year earlier Messrs. Macmillan added to their 'Golden Treasury' series an excellent selection of 120 poems (including some which appear in this last volume) — an invitation to those who know not the master, and a thrice-welcome companion for the myriads who revere him.

The Woodlanders is perhaps the best of the novels; *The Well-beloved* is one of the happiest of all their happy titles, for it gives the key to the author's wide sway over hearts. 'I shall still read Anatole France and Thomas Hardy,' said Wilamowitz-Moellendorf when he despaired of the restoration of literary friendship after the war. What is the deepest impression left by these two last volumes? Surely this, that Thomas Hardy is such a lover of men.

> I lipp'd rough rhymes of chance not choice;
> I thought not what my words might be;
> There came into my ear a voice
> That turned a tenderer verse for me.

And this voice comes not only from the one faint figure of that midsummer eve, but from all sorts of men, women, and children throughout the poems, from kings and squires and farmers with their wives, from the fat, death-doomed, ever-walking student, the lovers and mourners, enemies and friends, ladies and glass-stainers, laborers and soldiers; even from those 'primest fuglemen' of his own line 'fogged in far antiqueness past surmise and reason's reach' of whom at

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last he learns himself to be 'mere continuator and counterfeit'— and yet, 'Love lures life on,' and this kind, simple heart finds something admirable in all its fellows and chastens us by tenderness. Well, he too, has won the love of his readers, and something more, as he tells us in many a brave lyric:

> Whatever his message — glad or grim —
> Two bright-souled women clave to him;
> Stand and say that while day decays,
> It will be word enough of praise.

In poems as in novels he is very close to nature:

> When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
> And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
> Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the people say,
> 'He was a man who used to notice such things'?
> . . . . . .
> If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
> When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
> Will they say, 'He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm,
> But he could do little for them; and now he is gone'?

The innocent creatures he partly understands. Behind and about them and himself is the enveloping mystery with which he has lived so continuously in his practical country life that he knows he can never really know it. It touches, interpenetrates, absorbs him; but at the centre there is something alien, something not yet to be trusted. Nature surrounds him as his fathers' worship does: the ultimate meaning of each is obscure. All the more he accepts the use and wont of each, kindly, reverently. Churches to this architect, choirs and the old village orchestras are dear to this son of the violinist. The cool failings of the country clergy he takes without blame, as a laborer would. Read *The Choirmaster's Burial:*

> We would with our lutes
> Play over him
> By his grave-brim
> The psalm he liked best —
> The one whose sense suits
> 'Mount Ephraim' —
> And perhaps we should seem
> To him in Death's dream,
> Like the seraphim.

But the Vicar said,

> That old-fashioned way
> Requires a fine day,
> And it seems to me
> It had better not be.

So 'they buried the master without any tune,' and at dead of next night a ghostly band made up for all.

Those ghosts of Mr. Hardy's! Not fanciful, not blends of the mind with phenomena, too real — we would almost say, too sacred — to discuss These, too, have their substance in his love for men and for the 'innocent creatures' which, like men, suffer the mystery of life, and cheerfully play in it their unasked-for, inevitable part Read — you will scarcely do so without tears of remorse and thankfulness — *The Blinded Bird.*

Mr. Hardy's faith is indeed severe It was, he says, a relief to him when he deemed it reasonable to suppose that the Immanent Will is unconscious. If that Will should ever open conscious eyes, 'How wilt thou bear thyself in thy surprise?' he asks.

> Wilt thou destroy, in one wild shock of shame,
> Thy whole high-heaving firmamental frame
> Or patiently adjust, amend, and heal?

In Tenebris (with its motto, *Considerabam ad dexteram et videbam; et non erat qui cognosceret me. . . . Non est qui requirat animam meam*) is a confession that among 'the many and the strong' there is no place for one who cannot discern their vision.

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Let him in whose ears the low-voiced Best
is killed by the clash of the First,
Who holds that, if way to the better there
be, it exacts a full look at the Worst,
Who feels that delight is a delicate growth
cramped by crookedness, custom, and
fear,
Get him up and begone as one shaped awry:
he disturbs the order here.

Let him stay and let him speak if he can speak with Thomas Hardy's charity. We need such a one to face the worst of truth. Without his pains we shall never reach the best of truth. And he perhaps will come with us. Certainly he will if he honestly can. The volume of selections ends with that chorus from *The Dynasts* in which hope is sung:

Consciousness the Will informing, till It
fashion all things fair!

Would Mr. Hardy have allowed it that emphatic position if he did not incline to that side? We must not make too much of that sign. But in *Moments of Vision* there are others. When he 'wonders about himself,' he asks a pregnant question:

Part is mine of the general Will,
Cannot my share in the sum of sources
Bend a digit the poise of forces,
And a fair desire fulfill?

The war has called from him solemn notes which resound determiningly, not determinedly. These allow us to put a meaning deeper than the first that offers itself on that tremendous oracle among the *Poems of War and Patriotism* which begins:

I met a man when night was nigh,
Who said, with shining face and eye
Like Moses' after Sinai:

'I have seen the Moulder of Monarchies,
Realms, peoples, plains, and hills,
Sitting upon the sunlit seas! —
And, as He sat, soliloquies
Fell from Him like an antiphonic breeze
That pricks the waves to thrills.'

And all through a light glimmers and gathers from 'the something that saved him,' when

The clock rang;
The hour brought a hand to deliver;
I upsprang
And looked back at den, ditch, and river,
And sang.

What hand this was, may be partly guessed from quotations already given. The constant reader will guess more precisely; then he will change his mind and be less ready to define. Whatever the deliverance, it has left its happy mark on three pages out of every four in these books. 'Life laughs onward,' and 'the too regretful mood' is always dying on the poet's tongue. 'Mornings beryl-bespread, And evenings golden-red' return after the gray. 'Lalage's coming'; there is no melancholy there. And yet, more grateful still to ears attuned, is such a piece (so clever, too, in its echo of the lilt of the minuet) as the wistfully gay *Lines to a Movement in Mozart's E-flat Symphony:*

Show me again the time
When in the June-tide's prime
We flew by meads and mountains
northerly! —
Yea, to such freshness, fairness, fullness,
fineness, freeness,
Love lures life on.

Show me again the day
When from the sandy bay
We looked together upon the pestered
sea! —
Yea, to such surging, swaying, sighing,
swelling, shrinking,
Love lures life on.

There is no room to quote the rest. This review is belated. The reviewer found at first that these poems were almost too tersely, masterfully carved, too naked, if the word may be allowed, for him. He shrank from writing, kept them in his pocket and at his bedside, and read and read. Now his trouble is that he wants to quote a

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hundred passages, so rare is the workmanship, so intimately do they speak. Here is just one more, the *Student's Love-Song*, which seems to gather many characteristics of the poet into a tiny space.

Once more the cauldron of the sun
Smears the bookcase with winy red,
And here my page is, and there by bed,
And the apple-tree shadows travel along.
Soon their intangible track will be run,
And dusk grow strong
And they be fled.

Yes: now the boiling ball is gone.
And I have wasted another day.
But wasted — *wasted*, do I say?
Is it a waste to have imaged one
Beyond the hills there, who, anon,
My great deeds done,
Will be mine alway?

The Church Quarterly Review

THE GATE

BY MAY O'ROURKE

A CLUMSY thing that bars my way —
Dull, unintelligible wood!
Yet once a proud young tree she stood
Feeling her own green children sway.

Leaves made a shining mail for this
Decrepit trunk we roughly clang —
Her limbs from dreamy grasses sprang —
She cannot speak, but can she *miss?*

The merry talk of winds astir,
The boughs she suckled with her sap,
The squirrels playing in her lap —
Do these lost loves come back to her?

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THE ECONOMIC FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES: A BRITISH VIEW

In an address to the public of the United States, President Wilson declares for a very remarkable and very important change in the financial legislation of the great republic. The reader will naturally remember that the United States as one great republic is very new, that it was recognized generally throughout the world only in 1782, and, consequently, that it is not yet a century and a half old. It is quite true, of course, that several of the States are much older, some dating as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and others coming down to the time of the Guelphs. Still, the United States is an exceedingly new country. At the outside it cannot claim a greater antiquity than about four centuries, and a great part of it is quite new. Already, however, it has made such extraordinary progress that its population at present will probably be proved, when the coming census is taken next year, to be at least 110,000,000, if not more. And after that we may reasonably look for an extraordinary rapidity in the growth of population. It is reasonably to be assumed that, as an immediate consequence of the war, there will be a very considerable migration from the older to the newer countries. It is quite true, of course, that there are now very many countries even newer than the United States, and that many of these offer splendid rewards to labor and enterprise. Therefore, there will not be that almost confinement of migration to the United States which a little time ago was so remarkable. On the contrary, we may reasonably look for a great increase in the removal of Europeans to British territories, and even to French. Nevertheless, the United States will be able to offer prospects so brilliant that it is reasonable to anticipate that the migration will be upon an exceptionally large scale. The reader who wishes to understand for himself the probable course of events in the early future will do well to bear carefully in mind that several great inventions have just been made, and, although even during the war they played a great part in the struggle, no man living at present can undertake to say what will be the results of those inventions in the course of a quarter of a century, and still more if we extend our view to a later date. We can see already how almost certain it is that air locomotion will play a great part in the development of nations during the next century. He would be a very rash, as well as a very foolish, man who would undertake to say in what directions the greatest changes will be effected, and in what special form they will make themselves most observable. But it is certain that traveling through the air must have a great effect before very long.

Then there comes the submarine. Owing to the peculiar employment of the submarine by the Germans during the war, people in general are apt to look upon the submarine as a mere instrument of destruction. Unquestionably, it is a very formidable instrument of destruction. And quite possibly it will be found to be even more formidable than at present is at all generally recognized. But that the

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effect of the invention will only occasionally be destructive we venture to lay down. Its real influence will be in directing human enterprise in manners hitherto never thought of. How the submarine, during the remainder of the present century, is to be developed we shall not be rash enough to undertake to say; nor shall we affect to see the directions in which certainly some great changes will be made. But it may be stated with confidence that as yet we have only the mere beginning of a great invention which is destined to play a most important part in the development of human affairs. We have, then, two inventions which seemed the other day so incredible that when we wished to denounce anything we were apt to compare it with traveling great distances under water, or some similar figure of speech. There can be no reasonable room for doubt, then, that we are about to see a very great change in much of the economic work of the world. The development of these great inventions may be delayed. Even Watt's great invention was not applied on any large scale for a considerable time after it had been made known. It is quite possible, therefore, that the new inventions for some time may not have much effect. But sooner or later they will go far toward changing the whole aspect of human affairs. It is as certain as anything can be that the influence upon the United States will, in consequence, be enormous. In the long run the British Dominions must grow at a rate now unthought of. But the development of the United States will precede that of the Dominions, and, therefore, will make the United States the first of existing nations in a surprisingly short time. It has been remarked above that probably next year's census will show that the population of the United States now exceeds 110,000,000. If the great inventions referred to are rapidly developed, the influence upon the United States must be exceptionally great, and, therefore, before the current century comes to an end, the United States, in all reasonable probability, will yield in numbers only to India and China. The British Empire is certain to grow at an extraordinary rate likewise. But it will be a long time before, let us say, Australia will be any match for the United States. And it is not, perhaps, too much to assert that South Africa, with all its great advantages, will likewise lag behind greatly.

The first great development, then, will be in the United States. And, unless something now entirely unforeseen —indeed, even entirely unthought of — occurs, the United States will be, before the present century comes to an end, the most powerful single State in the world. The growth of the British Empire, unless extraordinary ignorance and extraordinary fatuity are practised, ought likewise to be surprisingly great. Look at British North America, Australia, South Africa, and so on, and one cannot hesitate to say that the growth of population of the British Empire must be wonderfully rapid. On the other hand, we have, unless our political genius is greatly improved, the disadvantage that the British Islands are very small; that in, let us say, a century the British Islands will be the original home of the British people, but they will no longer be the real government of the British Empire. There are, then, great dangers threatening the British Empire unless the people develop a foresight and a statesmanship never hitherto shown. We must, for one thing, settle with Ireland, and make the British Islands heartily united. And we must, for another thing, recognize that every year that passes will make us count for less with-

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in the British Empire; and, consequently, we must begin to practise greater moderation and modesty than we usually show. Still, the countries that at present seem likely to benefit most rapidly and decisively from the great inventions referred to will be the English-speaking peoples. Are we sure that we have the statesmanship, the foresight, the knowledge, the self-control, that will enable us to benefit entirely from all that is coming to help us, and to avoid, as far as mere human weakness renders possible, the disadvantages that will accompany them? One thing, at all events, is clear; that the United States is about to adopt a financial policy which is well worthy of consideration, always assuming, of course, that Congress follows the lead of the existing President. Apparently, President Wilson decides to carry if he can, a system of taxation which will, as far as can be, relieve the poor man and throw the real burden of taxation upon the rich. It is a most wise and far-seeing policy. It ought to be watched with the greatest care by our people. And if the President, as he seems inclined to do, brings forward any of his plans in the session which has just begun, we ought to study every proposal of his with the greatest care, and to follow the development both of support and of resistance that will be made manifest. We are about to see a policy attempted which is often spoken of but rarely tried. And we would especially recommend all the laboring classes of every kind — the men who really make the wealth and the prosperity of the Empire — to watch what is about to be attempted in the United States, and to watch with a carefulness and a desire to understand it that admit of no doubt.

The Statist

THE NEW FRENCH TAXES

THE financial event of the greatest recent interest has been the proposals introduced by the Finance Minister to Parliament for increased taxation, and already a measure has been rushed through the Chamber increasing the dues on matches and tobacco. The proposed new taxation will, it is expected, provide a sum of 1,280,000,000 francs, which is chiefly destined to cover the interest of the forthcoming loan. The increased duties on wines, coffee, sugar, mineral waters, and the taxes on gas and electricity are estimated to produce a sum of 503,500,000. The tax on tobacco, which is increased by 40 per cent on the 1914 rate, is estimated to produce 150,000,000, the increased charge on matches to bring in 15,000,000, the increased dues on registration, which as regards securities is raised from 2½ to 5 per cent, gives a total of 170,000,000, dues on Customs should produce a sum of 200,000,000, and penal measures against fraud 242,000,000. Further, M. Klotz proposes to bring in shortly several bills. The first of them would increase succession duties on collateral descent and between non-relatives, and would limit to the fourth degree of consanguinity intestate successions. Secondly, he has in contemplation a super-tax for incomes over 10,000 francs that have increased since 1915, and, thirdly, a bill establishing a state monopoly on petrol and petroleum. As regards these new taxes, the facts at present are that the match tax has been imposed by decree, and that the tobacco tax was rushed through the Chamber and Senate on the day of its being proposed. M. Klotz's proposals have met with violent hostility from the general public, especially from junior members of the professional classes downward, who regard them with

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absolute horror. They protest vigorously against the fact that so far, at any rate, it is only the small consumers that have been hit. What is to be remembered in France is that, though the country is a country of small investors, it is also a country where economic questions are rather wildly discussed. For instance, amazing as it may seem, it is quite possible for the suggestion to be made that all state and municipal obligations should be wiped out, and the country start its economic life, so far as the credit is concerned, anew. In self-protection I must add that this view is not suggested seriously, even in the wildest political quarters, and I only mention it to show why too much attention should not be paid to the agitations that are proceeding against the heavy taxation. The business public, so far as I can discover, have accepted M. Klotz's proposals with equanimity, though some reserves are expressed. As to his super-tax, the suggestion is that the year 1915 should be taken as a basis. In many instances a man that before the war was earning a large income was mobilized and lived largely on his pay as a captain or a lieutenant. If now that he has returned to civil life he is to be regarded as a profiteer, it is an obvious hardship. But no doubt this is a detail which will be put right when the bill comes before the House.

In a speech delivered on May 27, M. Klotz laid down certain principles that in his view would govern the future Budgets. He assumes an annual charge of 10,000,000,000 francs to be absorbed by the interest on a debt of a sum of 200,000,000,000, 4,000,000,000 for public services, and 2,000,000,000 for military expenditure. He thus estimates an annual total of 16,000,000,000, which he thinks may be possibly reduced to 1,000,000,000 for military expenditure. The 1919 Budget, leaving aside the exceptional source of revenue that may be raised from the sale of government stock, amounts only to 9,000,000,000 francs. On these grounds it would appear to be absolutely necessary within a period of two, three, or four years to look for supplementary resources. One of these, he considers, could be derived from the additional economic resources of Alsace and Lorraine, the liberated regions, and the fact of the release of a large number of men from military service. On these grounds, he considers the real deficit should amount to some 4,000,000,000 or 5,000,000,000. M. Klotz is under no misapprehension as to the seriousness of the financial situation of France, and he pointed out to the Senate that the foreign debt of France, which is unprecedented in her history, amounts to some 27,000,000,000, and means an annual expenditure of 1,500,000,000, a sum far in excess of what France used yearly to invest outside. As against this, France has spent in advances to Allied countries a sum of 7,250,000,000, while she has ceded material to a value of nearly 5,000,000,000. In other words, as against her 27,000,000,000 of foreign debt she has credit amounting to a trifle over 12,000,000,000. M. Klotz, in the course of his speech, expressed his absolute confidence in the financial stability of France, and insisted that the United States would find the necessary credit to enable her to meet her obligations. He stated the necessity of preventing any increase in paper circulation, and referring to the future loan explained that this could only be established if there was confidence in the country, and added that this confidence must be based on a financial policy that would insure the punctual payment of interest.

The Economist

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GREAT BRITAIN AND THE DOMINIONS: THE COLONIAL PROBLEM AS SEEN BY AN AUSTRALIAN

BY PROFESSOR MEREDITH ATKINSON, M.A.

LONG before the war the natural expansion of the British Empire, and the intensive development of its component parts, had made the problem of its government too urgent to be left to chance. The exigencies of war compelled a series of rapid developments in the relations between the Dominion governments and what is known as the 'Imperial' government. Responsible ministers from overseas were drawn into the inner councils of the British War Cabinet. At the Peace Conference a further step, or, as some would call it, a step backward, was taken, in the official recognition by the Allies of the separate status of British Dominions as self-governing nations.

The crowded events of the past four years render foolish any airy dismissal of the problem of Imperial Federation, either as the dream of visionaries, or as the intrigue of scheming capitalists. The government of the Empire is growing before our eyes. No young democracy can afford to let it grow without its control and guidance. Already our ministers have committed us to wide and sweeping changes in our relations with Great Britain. We must decide very quickly what we are going to do about it. Is Australia to have a foreign policy of her own, or to continue, as formerly, to accept the foreign policy to which Great Britain commits her through being in sole charge of foreign affairs? Or, are we to stand entirely out of any commitments whatever of an Imperial character? What is to be Australia's status, in relation to the rest of the Empire, in the League of Nations? Is she to be absolutely distinct and separate, striving alone to promote her own interests? Or is she to be part of a coöperative delegation from the whole of the Empire, with a unified policy, but with a certain measure of autonomy and self-expression? Can Australia or New Zealand stand alone in the matter of national defense? Again, if Imperial defense is to be maintained, is the British taxpayer to be charged, as formerly, with practically the whole of its upkeep?

As I have written elsewhere: 'The problem is actual, concrete; it has to be faced now, whether we like it or not. The principle of self-government for the Dominions, willingly conceded and firmly established by the people of the United Kingdom, can never be questioned. But the growth of the Empire has made necessary a reëxamination of the relations between the United Kingdom and other self-governing nations of the British Commonwealth. The war has had the effect of sharpening intensely the anomalies of the political relationship between Great Britain and the Dominions.'

Before proceeding to some analysis of the problem, let me say at once that I am not in favor of the establishment of an Imperial Parliament, or of any other elaborate scheme of Imperial Federation. But one can have no sympathy with those who are content with the negative cry, 'No Imperial Federation.' They are shirking a problem that has to be solved in the near future by positive and constructive effort. They are equally shirking the alternative of 'cutting the painter.' There are probably few Australians to-day who favor either complete separation or complete federation. Apart from strong racial sentiment, the former may be ruled out as decidedly not practical politics. Not only cannot Australia afford to stand alone against

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possible aggression, but it is wholly undesirable, from every point of view, to break up a union of peoples with similar ideals, the same mother-tongue and institutions. This is the very time in the world's history in which such homogeneous aggregations are most essential to the establishment of a League of Nations. I do not for one moment suggest that, for this reason, the Australian citizen should lose his civic rights of self-government. But, he will be wholly unfit to become a citizen of the League of Nations unless he is first prepared to face the problems of citizenship among his own race.

A great difficulty arises here in the common confusion between 'Imperialism' and 'Imperial Federation.' Large numbers of Australians object to the latter because they think it is a plan to promote the former. The history of Imperial expansion unhappily provides only too good ground for this contention. Though large portions of the Empire, like Australia and Canada, were hardly gained for purely commercial ends, it is, nevertheless, true that the interests of capital have been predominant in the exploitation of every British possession. Dominion self-government has saved us from the direst results of such commercialism. But there is abundant evidence of the keen desire of British capital to take advantage of the post-war situation. The formation of organizations like 'the British Trade Corporation' and the many suggestions for the formation of companies and trusts to exploit the latent resources of the Empire show at least the danger of granting to any Imperial Parliament or Cabinet the power to dictate the policies of internal development of any Dominion. I believe that any Imperial Parliament sitting, say, in London, would be preyed upon and influenced by arge commercial interests, whose actions would hardly be likely to redound to the advantage or guarantee the welfare of Dominions thousands of miles away. We are too familiar with the deficiencies of our domestic Parliaments to have much confidence that an Imperial Parliament would escape the same dangers of corruption.

In this way Imperialism and Imperial Federation might prove to coincide. But it cannot be conceded that that form of Imperialism is parallel with the policy for which the Central Powers have stood. In the British Empire there is no exploitation of races of equal civilization, and far less exploitation of inferior races than by other colonizing nations. Nevertheless, we cannot lay the flattering unction to our soul that our government of India and Egypt is incapable of improvement, in the direction of leading the natives to a share in it. There are, of course, limits to the efficacy and safety of granting democratic rights to more or less child-races. But many official investigations, particularly that of the Royal Commission on the Indian Factory System, show that the natives need a more substantial safeguard of their human rights than that given them by the existence of the British Raj. A great colonial authority, Sir Sydney Olivier, has suggested that the League of Nations should guarantee the liberties of primitive people under European control, by adopting the following safeguards: (1) Protection of native land rights, and adequate land reserves for natives; (2) Prohibition of forced labor, except for definite and approved local services; (3) Restriction of contract or indentured labor; (4) Complete separation of administration from exploitation; (5) Maintenance of and respect for tribal authority, law, and customs wherever possible; (6) The exclusion of distilled liquor.

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To these measures one might add the training of the more advanced native populations in the work of local self-government, and their preparation for national self-government, perhaps under formal British control, but only for the preservation of order and to protect them against foreign aggression. I believe that, on the whole, the British Government goes much further than any other toward an acceptance of this programme. But the continued native unrest and Nationalist agitation of India and Egypt show that we have yet a long way to go.

Though there is no historical comparison between this native Nationalism and that of the Dominions, the movements have to be borne in mind together in any treatment of the Imperial problem. The dependencies are beginning to claim what has become famous as Dominion self-government. On the basis of that autonomy, the Dominions have developed an intense Nationalism of their own. The British Government has always recognized this, never compelling a Dominion to accept any policy distasteful to it, and allowing it freedom even in matters that militated against British interests. There is no question of ever going back upon this policy. Britain would never dream of doing so, and no Dominion would ever tolerate it. Democracy and Nationalism have grown together. But like all strong young nations, Australia fails to realize the wider implications of democracy. If Australia, or any other country, is to enter the League of Nations as a sovereign power, she must be prepared to remit some portion of her sovereignty to make possible the establishment of the new sovereignty of the League. The Covenant of that League definitely reduces the sovereign power of every nation which enters it. It provides for the reduction of armaments, territorial integrity, the safeguarding of the peace of nations by arbitration and common military action, and the guaranteeing of treaty rights. If the Covenant proves effective in practice, nations will be deprived of their immemorial rights of aggression, the settlement of disputes by force of arms, and the determination of their military and naval forces. The abrogation of these rights is not so serious for Australia as for any of the Great Powers. But the point is that the Covenant does involve the definite surrender of rights hitherto regarded as an integral part of national sovereignty.

Australia discovered this when the White Australia policy was threatened, and the question of mandates over certain Pacific islands was under discussion. For the sake of the League of Nations we had to be satisfied with a mandate instead of possession. That is entirely consistent with the objectives of the League, which stands for the principle of international guaranty against aggression and any form of Imperialism. Conceivably we might have had to give up the White Australia policy for the same reason. Fortunately, as I believe, that policy was preserved to us as an essential part of our domestic safety. But, as the League of Nations develops, such problems will become more and more the subject-matter of discussion. Australia may be called upon to do many things for the sake of the Commonwealth of Nations that seem to be against the interests of the Commonwealth of Australia. Apparently, our Prime Minister has claimed for us the right to refuse to sell our wool to Germany. It may well happen that any such treatment of actual or possible members of the League may be forbidden. It might be equally inconsistent with the policy of the Empire as a whole, as determined by a cabinet of prime ministers.

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Thus it is clear that we cannot stand aloof, either from the rest of the Empire or the rest of the world. The time for 'splendid isolation' has gone forever. Even America has been compelled to recognize this, and President Wilson has shown his greatness in accepting the vital change of policy up to its logical conclusion. The Australian citizen who is possessed of any international aspiration does not for a moment desire to see Australia stand out of her world responsibilities. He wishes to see her making her full contribution to the development of a great world-civilization. There are two main directions in which Australia can work to that end. The first is in making the Commonwealth the happiest possible nation of men, women, and children. The second consists in developing a strong spirit of coöperation with other nations, in the establishment of constitutional machinery for developing the world on sound and just international lines.

The relation of the international to the Imperial problem appears to be this: Can Australia better serve the League of Nations by developing a closer unity with other British nations, or by standing out of the Empire and acting as a separate national unit? As one who believes intensely in the international ideal, I have no hesitation in affirming that the first alternative is incomparably superior to the second. It does not involve any serious remission of our powers of self-government, or any elaborate scheme of Imperial Federation. Our experience of the difficulties of federation in Australia alone during the past twelve months is sufficient to make most of us fight shy of any more intricate form of such government. In all probability, the constitutional developments now proceeding are in a healthy direction. Our Federal Parliament has not renounced any executive powers. It should rather assume the long-needed new power to play its part in determining the foreign policy of the whole Empire. A minister for each Dominion, resident in London, and in constant communication with his home Cabinet, seems to be the readiest means at our immediate disposal of determining an all-British policy of inter-Imperial and international relations. For example, Australia, New Zealand, and Great Britain would thus coöperate much more effectively in the treatment of Pacific problems. At present there is nothing but confusion of policies.

Another concerns national defense. Australia has a navy of her own, and a military system peculiar to herself. Although Committees of Imperial Defense have, from time to time, laid down the lines on which the Empire should be defended, there is now a crying need for a completely coördinated plan for the whole Empire. Again, absolutely nothing has been done to distribute the burden of taxation for purely Imperial purposes in an equitable fashion — or, indeed, in any fashion at all. These problems could be settled without an Imperial Parliament. An Imperial convention could be called to deal with them, each delegation taking back the resolutions of the convention for ratification or amendment by each Dominion Parliament. This may be regarded as a clumsy method, but the fact of primary importance to remember is that it is the very utmost that the democratic sentiment of the Dominions would tolerate. It would also have the effect of handing over to Dominion cabinets much executive authority that is now exercised by the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Board of Trade. Though there is at present much con-

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sultation between Dominion cabinets and the Secretaries of State before any serious action is taken, such inter-communication needs to be regularized, and to be ultimately controlled by Dominion Parliaments. For one of the things that few Australians seem to realize is that the present loose practice enables their own ministers to do many things under the authority of Imperial ministers, without the knowledge of their local Parliaments, and sometimes actually against their wishes.

The war has seen a serious development of this tendency. The discussions at the Peace Conference disclosed the uncomfortable fact that Australian ministers had, in consultation with the British War Cabinet, come to certain agreements regarding foreign countries, which vitally affected Australia's interests. Is not this the beginning of secret diplomacy? Is Australia to be drawn into the dangerous meshes of the diplomatic net? Hardly one of us would willingly consent to that event. The way to avoid it is, primarily, to seek to abolish all secret diplomacy in international affairs; but in our case at least to insure that our Executive does not commit us, under the cloak of British authority, to any foreign policy whatever without our full knowledge and consent. To leave foreign policy entirely in the hands of a British Cabinet, without even the check of Parliamentary discussion in London, is not only undemocratic, but it is a serious danger to Australia's future.

Unfortunately, the ignorance of our own citizens of foreign affairs is our worst danger. The Australian is too self-complacent in his view of the safety guaranteed by his own institutions. In his characteristic opposition to being drawn against his will beyond the pale of his immediate interests, he forgets that the world is rapidly becoming a unity, whose welfare depends upon the close coöperation of its parts, and that largely depends upon the knowledge of each part of the conditions of every other. One significant example of this determination not to look outward from the Commonwealth is the fact that before the war the Australian labor movement had no international sentiment, though as a movement it was among the strongest in the world. But its intense Nationalism made Australian feeling antagonistic both to any closer union within the Empire and any interference in international affairs.

I have tried to show that the day for both these forms of exclusiveness has gone by. Australia has become part of the world system. We must accept our international responsibilities. I believe we can do so without any danger to our democracy. We can legitimately oppose any form of constitution which would threaten our democratic privileges, but we have no right to refuse to coöperate with other Dominions and Great Britain in strengthening the Commonwealth of British nations to become a great society within the League of Nations, helping the League toward closer unity by the strength of British unity, and sacrificing British self-interest for the interest of the world of states. This would not be Imperialism. It would be but the fulfillment of the true function of democracy, which is to make the world the best possible place for all human beings to live in.

Stead's Review (Melbourne)

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TALK OF EUROPE

MARY JANE, EX-MUNITION WORKER, DEMOBILIZED, SPEAKS

Tune: Milton's *Lycidas*

YET once more, O ye Joneses, and once more,
Ye Matthew-Browns, and Willoughbys-de-Vere,
I come, to serve your bevies harsh and crude;
And with forcèd fingers rude,
Shatter your plates before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to return my Season due:
Die Weltherrschaft is dished, dished in its prime,
Die Weltherrschaft, and left me dishèd here:
Who would not strike for Weltherrschaft? I knew,
Myself, to strike, and lift the lofty dime.
I must not turn me to your watery beer,
My throat a victim to the parching wind,
Without the mead of some war-profiteer.
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, skivvy's trade,
And daily castigate the Master's shoes?
Were it not better done, as once I'd use,
To sport with Bertie Tompkins in the shade,
Or with the bear's-grease on Augustus's hair?
As killing as the flapper to the beaux,
Or chorus to the lordling herds that gaze,
Or cook who dons her mistress' underwear
(Until the housemaid 'blows');
Such was, alas, this ex-munitioneer!

Kathleen O'Brien.

VISCOUNT KATO 'once Ambassador in London, and lately Foreign Minister in the Okuma Cabinet,' finds that the West is too cryptic for him to understand:

'. . . Although I flatter myself I have made a careful study of things Western yet I confess that there are still many things which are beyond my comprehension. For instance, . . . what in the world induced the U. S. . . . situated so far from the actual field of conflict, to take a hand in the war? . . .' Naturally doubts arose in certain Japanese minds as to 'whether all the fine things preached by President Wilson and written up by the American press might not be mere camouflage. . . . I have not been free from these doubts myself. . . . Careful study of the press and magazines,' writes the Viscount, 'has convinced me that in all likelihood President Wilson is actuated by the lofty ideals he expounds. . . . Few Japanese have a clear conception of the League of Nations, which is so earnestly advocated by President Wilson and Viscount Grey.' Viscount Kato asks how can all causes of future conflict be effectually removed by the proposed League of Nations? 'As for myself, I do not think that such a feat is possible, and I am even inclined to proceed to England for the express purpose of studying the question.'

BALKED of their desire for Fiume, certain groups of Italian nationalists have fallen into a sulky humor which the press under their control all too faithfully repeats. The latest target for their shafts is the new-born League. Witness this angry paragraph found in a recent issue of the *Idea Nazionale:*

'The League of Nations is an expedient, devised by the mercantile and puritanical spirit of the Anglo-Saxons to exploit for the benefit of America and England, the common victory of the Entente. No one knows better than the Anglo-Saxons how to make universalist ideologies serve their own interests. Wilson consents to leave out of discussion the problem of the freedom of the seas and Lloyd George in exchange recognizes the Monroe Doctrine by which America is immune from any European intervention, while the League of Nations

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puts Europe under the control of America. The whole Conference of Paris is nothing but a continual barter of moral and material concessions, to insure better the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon people. A few days since an Egyptian delegation arrived in Paris to demand, according to the Wilsonian principles, the independence of Egypt. England had proclaimed her protectorate over Egypt during the war. The recognition of such an act ought to form the object of deliberation for the Conference. But, behold, the very day on which the honorable Mr. Wilson intimates to Italy that she must renounce her just claims and to the Entente that they must tear up their treaties, that very day the English papers announce with calm impudence that the United States has recognized their protectorate over Egypt. Thus the League of Nations begins to function in the Conference. It begins its work by proclaiming the civil and human inferiority of the Japanese and dispossessing the continental peoples of Europe of their sovereign rights. The League of Nations is only Anglo-Saxon hegemony masquerading as humanitarianism. The Germans wished to establish German hegemony with their own blood. The Anglo-Saxons are trying to establish their own hegemony upon the democratic credulity of the other peoples. The League of Nations must not enter the Adriatic.'

THE following estimate of the situation in America is the work of Sidney Brooks, an exceedingly competent observer and careful journalist, now 'covering' American affairs for the London *Outlook*. Americans will find these conclusions, intended as they are for British readers, of real interest.

'Two of the most effective opponents of the President and of the League Covenant are Senator Lodge and Senator Knox. Mr. Lodge is virtually the leader of the Republican party in the Upper House, and as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which all measures and resolutions dealing with external affairs must first be referred, his power both to initiate and to obstruct is considerable. A keen, cultivated, practical, and humorous personality, he keeps alive more conspicuously than anyone else the old New England tradition that associated literature with politics. Judging him on his public form, I used to think Mr. Lodge anti-British. Twenty-odd years ago his speeches and writings showed more than a trace of the prevalent prejudice. But after meeting him I soon saw that what I had mistaken for Anglophobia was only a stalwart Americanism vigorously expounded. Mr. Lodge is one of the American statesmen who have never forgotten Great Britain's friendly attitude during the Spanish-American war. It led in his case, as in others, to the revision of certain preconceptions; and since then, in his references to this country, he has combined a genuine friendliness with a not less serviceable candor. If Sir Cecil Spring-Rice has left any memoirs, and they are ever published, it will be seen how much he relied upon Mr. Lodge's advice during the trying time of American neutrality. Rooted in realities, seeing what he sees with concentrated clarity, and always a master of pungent speech, Mr. Lodge is a formidable obstacle in the President's path.

'Had Mr. Wilson been a bigger man in his personal and political relationships, he would have made some effort to associate Mr. Lodge in the negotiation of the peace. He would frankly have consulted with him as by all odds the best-equipped authority on foreign affairs in the United States Senate. He would have invited him to attend the Conference in Paris as an official representative not only of his country but of the treaty-making power of the Senate. Such a policy would have soothed many susceptibilities, have conciliated the Republicans, have been an act of shrewd magnanimity which the American people would have appreciated. But Mr. Wilson — it is one of the reasons why the feeling against him is so bitterly personal — is temperamentally incapable of this order of handsomeness. He does not relish sharing either credit or authority; and the severe rebuff that he suffered last November at the hands of the electorate has rather stiffened him than otherwise in his self-engrossment. One's inclination in any vital issue of foreign politics is as a rule to back the President against the Senate. It is still my inclination in the present case.

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That is to say, I expect Mr. Wilson to succeed in the end in procuring the assent of the Senate both to the Treaty of Peace and to the Covenant of the League. But it is certain that he has himself enormously added to the difficulties of his task by a tactless and ungracious handling of the personal factors.'

THE following letter has been addressed by Mr. Balfour to Lord Reading on the termination of his Ambassadorship at Washington.

'My dear Lord Reading:

'You will in due course receive a dispatch from the Foreign Office dealing at length with your period of service now unhappily ended as British Ambassador at Washington, but I cannot allow our official relations to terminate without sending you a less impersonal message of thanks, gratitude, and regret — thanks and gratitude for all you have done — regret that we shall no longer be fellow workers in the same great cause. The heavy responsibilities and the unceasing anxieties which weigh upon the diplomatic representatives of the belligerents and neutrals when half the world is fighting are known to all observers.

'Very different but not less formidable were the problems which faced the associated governments after America entered the war, and which had to be solved if the coöperation of the two countries was to bear its full fruits. It is with these problems and their solution that your name will always be connected. The difficulties were great; they were without precedent; they were quite outside ordinary diplomatic routine; they involved most complicated questions of finance, shipping, food supply, troop transportation, and armaments. Though they profoundly affected the fortunes of all the Allies, they had to be dealt with in the main between Great Britain and America, and you provided the most important personal link between the two great associated powers.

'This is not the occasion for dwelling in detail upon even the most critical episodes in the colossal effort by which America succeeded in throwing in her decisive weight on the side of the Allies. The difficulties sometimes seemed overwhelming. I remember in particular how in the early winter months of last year the very elements seemed fighting for our enemies. In the spring the first successes of the German offensive compelled a complete and sudden alteration of all the plans for the collection and transport of American troops to Europe. Incidents like these enormously complicated an already too complicated situation. They involved endless communications between the heads of governments, between departments of governments, and the great international organizations with the Associated Powers found themselves compelled to call into existence.

'In all these labors you took your full share, and their success has been greatly aided by your tact, your clearness of exposition, and your mastery of detail. We owe you much, and on both sides of the Atlantic the magnitude of the debt is fully recognized. After your brief but momentous excursion into the regions of war and diplomacy you now return with added fame to the calmer labors of the Bench Perhaps as time goes on your recollection of what you did through these strenuous months may gradually grow somewhat dim. Should this be so you may easily refresh your memory for the record of your achievements will assuredly find its place in every history of the great war.

'Yours very sincerely,

'Arthur James Balfour.'

BY the death of Weedon Grossmith, the London stage will lose an old favorite. He was the son and the grandson of popular entertainers, although his brother, the late George Grossmith, led the way to the real stage. The Grossmiths were, in fact, hereditary reporters at Bow Street Police Court, with divagations to the penny reading and the Mechanics' Institute.

Mr. George Grossmith was spotted by Mr. D'Oyley Carte and Sir Arthur Sullivan, and thereafter spent a lifetime in the interpretation of Gilbert and Sullivan opera, though he never abandoned the rôle of a society entertainer.

He began life as a pictorial artist, and painted in a desultory way to the end of his life. It was, in fact, accident that first induced his appearance on the stage, with

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Miss Rosina Vokes's company. With her he first played Lord Arthur Pomeroy, in *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, a part forever afterward inseparable from his name. He was Irving's *Jacques Strop* in *Robert Macaire* at the Lyceum.

That was in 1888. Meanwhile, Mr. Weedon Grossmith has seldom been absent from the London stage, mostly preferring to appear under his own management. He got quite a long run out of *The New Boy*, at the vaudeville, and out of *The Night of the Party*, at the Avenue.

He was often 'selected' by Sir Arthur Pinero, notoriously fastidious in the casting of his plays; and was notably successful in *The Amazons*. In later life he often appeared on the music hall stage.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith had a facile pen. He wrote something for *Punch*, 'dodged up' a play or two, and penned an interesting volume of reminiscences. He was a connoisseur in prints and old furniture. He married Miss May Palfrey, an actress, who practically retired from the stage.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Joseph Reinach, scholar and politician and journalist, is a very well known figure in France, and may be said to typify French nationalism of the liberal and humanitarian tradition.

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Frederic Harrison, author, philosopher and literary critic, is almost the last literary figure to link the world of Kingsley's days with these unsettled times.

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Hamilton Fyfe is the veteran correspondent of the *Daily Mail*.

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Edmund Gosse, poet and historian of literature, is also librarian of the House of Lords.

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TO ENGLAND

BY WILFRED CHILDE

O England, be thou holy, be thou great,
And thy pure crown of most fine gold be made;
Pity and Love alone secure the State,
Pity and Love, and not to be afraid.
And let thy hands be firm beneath the head
Of such weak children as cry out to thee,
O thou made wonderful with many dead,
And mighty with an island-majesty!
Thou angel of the guarded groves of even,
And windflower-vales washed clean with silences,
Thou liest far too near the skirts of Heaven
To be content with any treasure less.
Within, within the expected Kingdom lies,
O lady of the calm dove-pinioned skies!

The New Witness

THE HERD

BY JOHN FREEMAN

The roaming sheep, forbidden to roam far,
Were stayed within the shadow of his eye.
The sheep-dog on that unseen shadow's edge
Moved, halted, barked, while the tall shepherd stood
Unmoving, leaned upon a sarsen stone,
Looking at the rain that curtained the bare hills
And drew the smoking curtain near and near!—
Tawny, bush-faced, with cloak and staff and flask
And bright brass-ribb'd umbrella, standing stone
Against the veinless, senseless sarsen stone.
The Roman Road hard by, the green Ridge Way,
Not older seemed, nor calmer the long barrows
Of bones and memories of ancient day
Than the tall shepherd with his craft of days
Older than Roman or the oldest caveman,
When, in the generation of all living,
Sheep and kine flocked in the Aryan Valley and
The first herd with his voice and skill of water,
Fleetest of foot, led them into green pastures,
From perished pastures to new green. I saw
The herdsmen everywhere about the world,
And herdsmen of all time, fierce, lonely, wise,
Herds of Arabia and Syria
And Thessaly, and longer-winter'd chimes;
And this lone herd, ages before England was,
Pelt-clad, and armed with flint-tipped ashen sap,
Watching his flocks, and those far flocks of stars
Slow moving as the heavenly shepherd willed
And at dawn shut into the sunny fold.

Land and Water

HOUSES

BY WILFRED WILSON GIBSON

The house we built with hands
To shelter love's delight
From the pitchy night
Dark and empty stands.
But from our house of dreams
Everlasting light
Through the pitchy night
Pours in golden streams.

The New Witness

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